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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Juvenal's Tenth and Thirteenth Satires.

Translated by Edmund L. Swift, Esq. Author of "Waterloo," &c. 8vo. pp. 64. London.

"In proffering," says Mr. S., in his Advertisement, "another version of an author, so frequently translated as Juvenal has been, the new candidate must be supposed to presume, that he has accomplished his undertaking, not merely as well as his predecessors, but more skilfully. Without such a confidence, he has no right to come before the public."

"It appeared to me, that where the preceding translators exceeded Juvenal in elegance, they were inferior to him in strength; and that where they emulated his vigour, they failed to retain his dignity. The sounding declamation of our author, his epigrammatic point, his indignant vehemence, his caustic humour, succeed and even blend with each other so rapidly, that no regular stile can be—or ought to be—preserved in a translation for many lines together."

"To say, that I have endeavoured at preserving each of these characteristics in its place, and thereby, at presenting a more semblable translation of Juvenal than has yet appeared, is but to advance my only excuse for lengthening the long catalogue of his translators. If I am right in my self-judgment, its assumption will not be censured; if wrong, it will cease with the beginning of the error."

"I have omitted nothing, which could possibly be retained in my author: sometimes, indeed, I have given way—not to difficulties, but to indecencies; and these I have rather escaped with some inoffensive substitution, than by a total expurgation. Considering, that the more closely a translator keeps within the limits of his original, the more faithful he will probably be to the context, I have anxiously endeavoured to observe the boundary which Juvenal prescribed for himself; not merely in the entire Satire, but in each particular clause. But the

reader will observe, that I have neither jumped over nor abridged any one passage to make up for extravagating in another.

"Upon this scale—unless it shall be found, that I have cut away or slurred over any part of my original—I claim some merit. Where Juvenal is abrupt or colloquial, I did not endeavour to be diffuse or dignified; and of course, where he is descriptive or vehement, I could not afford to be concise or familiar."

"The public will decide, whether the new garment which I have prepared for Juvenal, fits him as truly, and looks as handsome, and promises to wear as well, as those of my predecessors. Carrying on the shop-board metaphor, the public will determine, whether they will order him a full suit out of the same piece."

"To speak plainly.—I cannot devote myself to the translation of Juvenal's remaining Satires, upon the chance of public favour. I send these two into the world, as an experiment, how far that favour may be deserved: if deserved, it will not be withheld; if otherwise, it cannot be demanded."

The Tenth Satire, chosen by Mr. S., for the first of his two specimens, condemns, as is well known, all excessive anxiety for the goods of life, (as, wealth, length of days, &c.) upon the obvious ground (though difficult to be received) of their uncertain influence upon our happiness. The sum of the poet's doctrine is thus translated by Mr. S.:—

"Never, then, pray?—Yes—if the prayer remit To Heaven the choice of our best benefit: For to that power each want and wish are known,

Whose love toward man is dearer than his own. By passion urged, and blinded by desire, Wedlock we ask, and offspring we require; Unknowing we, what Heaven alone doth know, If wife and child shall bring our weal or woe.

"Still, as thy prayer and sacrifice should own The Immortal Being, ask but this alone:— Unbroken health of body and of mind; A soul, that, calmly unto death resign'd, Deems it the dearest blessing fate can give, Yet, fearing not to die, enures to live; That avarice troubles not, nor anger stings; That all the perils, all the pains, prefers

Of great Alcides, to the inglorious ease Of the proud Syrian's lusts and luxuries.

"To man, the good that is his own I show:— 'VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW;' Fortune to Wisdom yields;—yet we, unwise, Create her power, and place her in the skies."

On the first couplet, Mr. S. remarks, in a note,

"A pious and Christian sentiment! As if Juvenal had said: *Pray* only; since whatever is for you, *that* God knoweth, and *that* he will grant. Thus we say in our *Lord's prayer*—*THY WILL BE DONE!*—The which will of God, since it cannot intend evil, so assuredly it will give unto us the best; and since it is all wise, so it can chuse for us the best."

In commenting on a pathetic image in his author's lines on the disadvantages of old age, Mr. S. tells us,

"It is observable how far Juvenal transcends Swift in his description of the miseries of old age.—The dean, vividly, as he portrays his *Struldbrugs*, plunged beneath the lowest abasement of wretchedness, and sunk in that *amentia*, which himself so prophetically dreaded, did not extend his idea to a farther and a deeper sorrow. The fact was—as I have *inherited* the cause to feel and know—Swift had no family affections, no natural attachments:—he acknowledged no kindred; he favoured no relative; and, at length, in his selfish sympathy, he bequeathed his entire fortune to a lunatic hospital.—Such a man could not have opened his imagination to that most fearful of all human miseries—aged and desolate sorrow, weeping over the grave of its last buried affection.—Neither, in his enumeration of the fancied *comforts* of longevity, is there one domestic or social sentiment:—all is hard and impenetrable selfishness."

"By the way—I should like to see a well-written dissertation on the different *Struldbruggism* of those acute, but not very forbearing searchers of the human breast; Swift and Godwin:—Each has drawn the description of an undying man—each has placed him in a state of misery; if not through the same incidents, certainly by the same cause.—The *Athuztoz* of Swift sinks under increasing age:—he of Godwin bears up in rejuvenescent strength.—Their moral sufferings, however, are still more distinct:—the one is miserable, because he discards affection; the other, because he desires it; the one, because he for-

gets, the other, because he is forgotten ;
—the one, because he loves nobody ;
the other, because nobody loves him.

The effect of these different delineations is, what double-sly their authors intended.—Swift excites our horror ; Godwin, our pity.—Swift drives us to our grave in despair ; Godwin leads us to it with submission.—Swift urges us to abominate life ; Godwin instructs us to endure death."

The Thirteenth Satire inculcates submission to the Providence of God, and abounds in moral truths, forcibly, pleasingly, and elegantly proposed :—

" Comes there a day so blest, whose hallowed course

Escapes the brand of falsehood, or of force ?
Of gain, through vice in all her mazes sought ?
And gold, by poison earned, by murder bought ?
Aye—few the good : there number scarce o'er-rates

The mouths of Nilus, or the Theban gates :
An age is born, worse than the iron time,
Unmark'd by name of metal or of crime ;
Yet we at broken faith our clamours raise,
Loud as the brawling bribes Fæsidius praise.
Now, dost thou not conceive, right reverend boy,

Of fingering others' gold how great the joy ?
How wide the laugh thy folly moved, when thou

So gravely warn'd against a broken vow ;
And bade the swearer dread the powers divine,
That fill the temple, and the glowing shrine ?

" True—such our fathers were ; ere Saturn took
For his abandoned crown the rustic crook ;
While Juno was unwed, and Jove abode
In Ida's humble caves, not yet a god.
No deities did then their feasts enjoy ;
No Hebe served the cup, nor Iliad boy ;
No Vulcan, sullied with the sooty ore,
Wiped his black arms, and round the nectar bore.

Each dined alone : not then the heavenly crowd,
Which to our fuller worship stand allowed ;
But, left in vacant ease, the lighter sky
Weighed Atlas down with less divinity.
Not then had Neptune swayed the allotted brine ;

Nor ruled stern Pluto with his Proserpine ;
Nor whip, nor wheel, nor vulture then, nor stone ;—

Free were the shades, and tyrants were unknown.

" Licentiousness was then a marvel rare ;
A prodigy, whereat the world might stare :
When, if youth rose not up, as age appeared,
Or bent not childhood to the manly beard,
'Twas held a deep and deadly crime ; though more

Acorns and strawberries filled the infants' store.
One year or two such reverend vantage gained ;
And the first down the grace of age obtained.
Now, if a friend shall not his trust deny,
Nor keep the mouldering casket with a lie ;
Faith so prodigious claims the calendar,
And a ewe lamb the novel fault must clear.
A man, so strangely honest, when I find,
I'll stare, as at some birth of monstrous kind ;
A whale beneath my plough ; a mule in foal ;
A swarm of bees above the Capitol ;
A shower of stones ; or Tiber's whitened stream,
Rolling to ocean down in tides of cream.

" Yet, for some fourscore pounds you cry abroad,
Rent from your hand by sacrilegious fraud.—
What, if another, by a worse deceit
Is swindled of two thousand ?—if the cheat

Upon a third is played, for heaps of gold,
More than his crammed and unclosed chest can hold ?—

So freely, when to man the guilt unknown,
Can ease and custom mock the eternal throne.
Mark ! what a fixed front the villain bears !—
Hear ! what a clamouring tongue his crime forswears !—

" By you bright sun—by Jove's own thunder—
NO—

" By Neptune's trident—by Apollo's bow—
" By the full quiver of the huntress queen—
" Thy club, Alcides—Mars, thy javelin keen—
" Pallas, thy spear—and all that fills the sky,
" With the dread store of Heaven's artillery :—
" Nay!—swears he—may I, in a porker's stead,

" Kill my dear son, and souse and eat his head !—

" There are, who all events to Chance assign,
And o'er the world disown THE HAND DIVINE :—
'Tis Nature rolls, with them, the changing year ;
Nor oath, nor altar, these bold atheists fear :—
While others, reckoning retribution nigh,
Tremble, believe, and compromise the lie.

" Let the Gods plague my carcass as they like ;
" Let Isis both mine eyes with blindness strike ;
" But leave one hand to grope the perjured gold !—

" Coughs, maims, and sores, such evils shall I hold ?—

" You runner, if his brains no doctor need,
" For a rich gout would give his readiest speed ;
" Since, what avail the triumphs of his feet,
" Or wreaths of olive, which he cannot eat ?
" Great is the wrath of Heaven ;—yet slow withal ;

" And, if on every sinner doomed to fall,
" When will it reach at me ?—like others, I
" May find a soft, forgiving Deity.
" What different fates for the same guilt are found !—

" This scoundrel is transported ; that is crowned."

" Thus, to the guilt his conscience doth he steel :
And, to the sacred shrines when you appeal,
He'll run before—nay, drive and drag you on ;
For a bad cause, with impudence o'erdone,
Still wins the mob : he'll act, as in the play,
The flying slave ; and rage and rant away :—
While you, like Stentor, cry amid the crowd,
Or Mars, whom Homer makes to roar so loud—
" Jove ! canst thou hear, nor yet thy silence break ;

" When even thy marble or thy brass should speak ?

" Why else our incense on thine altars throw,
" Or bid the votive blood of victims flow ?—
" Thy statue, Jove !—the capering fool, who shares

" Thy consort's shrine, as much would heed our prayers."

Learn, for your comfort then, my saving rules ;
Which, nor the cynic taught, nor stoic schools—
Alike, but in their garb ;—nor he, whose toil
Serenely tilled his garden's frugal soil :
In danger, to the master leech complain ;
But you must trust his boy to breathe a vein.
If none on earth can shew a deed as base,
Rave on, and bang your breast, and scratch your face :

To check this idle rage, I urge no more—
When the steel's stolen, then we shut the door.
No man for monies lost his grief pretends ;
The signs of woe suffice for buried friends :
Need we have none, to rend our garments here ;
Or fret our eyes, to force a formal tear.

" But, if the courts are crowded with such crimes :

If, by each party read ten several times,
The desperate debtor will his bond deny ;
Though his own hand convict him of the lie,

And that rare onyx, his peculiar seal :—
The general lot, you, minion, must not feel !—
You, chick of a white hen ! while luckless we
Were hatched from eggs of mediocrity !

" Look but on greater injuries, and bear
With moderated wrath your little share :—
View the paid dagger, and the midnight blaze,
That thieves for plunder in the portal raise ;
The hand that rends, accursed, from the shrine,
Its golden goblets with their rust divine,
The votive diadems of ancient kings,
And all the people's pious offerings !—
Yet, failing these, the humbler rogue behold ;
Who, from Alcides' thigh would scrape the gold,
Clip Neptune's beard, and Castor's tinsel crown ?—

Stays he at this, who melts the Thunderer down ?—

Match now the miscreant hands, that mixed,
and bought,
The secret malice of the poisoned draught ;
And that dread act, which in an ox's hide
Drowns with a guiltless ape the parricide !—

" Yet, of the crimes, our prefect hears and tries,
From day's first dawning till the stars arise,
How small the portion these !—his court will shew

More of man's heart, than man would wish to know.

Sit there a day or two ; then home return,
And dare your own inferior wrongs to mourn !

" Who wonders in the Alps a wen to see ?—
Breasts, larger than their babes, in Meroe ?—
Or, with a German, startles to behold
Blue eyes, and wreathed locks of dewy gold ?—
No marvels there surprise the accustomed view ;
And varying Nature to herself is true.
When in their noisy clouds the cranes appear,
Each pigmy warrior points his tiny spear :—
Unequal contest !—soon the little clan
Through air are carried :—every bird his man—
At home, you'd burst your very sides to see,
The marching of this Thracian infantry :
In Thrace, an Armykin attracts no eye,
Whose grenadiers are scarce twelve inches high.

" No punishment for fraud ?—for perjury none ?"
Well—into jail suppose the rascal thrown ;
His throat consigned—can all your wrath have more ?—

To your good pleasure :—'twill no trust restore ;
No debt repay.—True—but his blood would be,

Its least, least drop, a precious luxury :
And vengeance !—life itself is not so sweet.—
Such is the cry of fools, whose idle heat
At any cause, or none, explodes in ire ;
While every fuel serves to feed their fire.

" A gentler theme Chrysippus taught the age ;
And Thales bold ; and He, the patient sage
Of sweet Hymettus, who by poison died,
But to his foe the deadly cup denied.
Our early steps benignant wisdom leads ;
Her gradual hand each vice, each error weeds ;
And snaws, that vengeance—woman's weak deligit—

Joys but the spirit, mean, and poor, and slight.

" Blame you then their escape, whom conscience scares ;
Whose deep dark wound her lash relentless bares ;
While, in each inmost pang, the soul supplies
Its own unseen, unsleeping agonies ?—
Nor earth, nor hell, so fierce a pain can find,
As the still witness of the accusing mind.

" A Spartan tempted once the Delphic shrine,
To consecrate a fraud with voice divine :
The offended power forbade the base intent,
And uttered forth its sad sure punishment,

Even on the wish, that would a pledge withhold,
And keep by perjury the trusted gold.
By fear, not virtue, he renounced the fraud;
Yet proved the answer true, and true the god:
Himself, his children, household, kindred, all
Incurred its justice in one common fall.
Thus, sorrow even the *thought* of sin hath
tracked:—

A CRIME IN PURPOSE IS A CRIME IN ACT.

"*'Tis done.*—Pursuing care each meal attends;
And in his fevered mouth the food suspends:
His lip rejects the wine;—nor costly age,
Nor flavoured vintage, can his taste engage:
Bring better still!—he frowns, as if it were
A wrinking dose of sharpest vinegar.
In one short slumber spares his anguished head,
And limbs, long tossed upon their restless bed,
The violated shrines his dream upbraid;
And—sight most terrible!—thy visioned shade,
In form dilated, and in height sublime,
Makes the sacred wretch confess his secret
crime.

"Aye—these are they, who at the dark clouds
quake,
Blanch at the lightnings, at the thunders shake.
'No whirlwind this,' they cry, 'of casual
birth;
But Heaven's dread judgment, dropt in flame on
earth.
One peal hath harmless passed:—the next may
come,
To urge more fiercely our suspended doom.'
When their racked breast the wakeful fever
feels,
Then deem they Heaven its fiery penance
deals;
They see the whips and arrows of the sky;
Presume no offering, and despairing die:—
For, how can sickness hope, or guilt atone,
By blood of victims purer than its own?—

"In wavering course proceed the steps of sin;
And end in fear, what boldly they begin;
While, mingling with the crime, compunction
strong
Compels the painful sense of right and wrong.
Still, Nature to the vice accustomed clings,
Desperate of change:—for who, when once he
flings
Off from his hardened front shame's honest
glow,
Can say to guilt—*no further shalt thou go?*—
Or who corrects him in the first offence,
And measures back his way to innocence?—

"Content you then:—your swindling friend,
be sure,
Shall bring himself within the dungeon's door;
On his own limbs their iron fetters lock;
Or grace, with greater rogues, a foreign rock.
Then, while his suffering thy glad spirit cheers,
Thou shalt confess, that HEAVEN HATH EYES
AND EARS.

The neatness and spirit of Mr. S.'s translation, together with the purity with which he writes his native language, (a recommendation not too frequent among modern poets,) cannot but have struck the reader of the foregoing extended extract, who, we are sure, will join with us, in expressing his fervent wishes, that the translator may be induced to complete the task which he has so happily begun*.

* The lively glee, entitled the "Abbott of St. Stephen," inserted in a late number of the Literary Journal, is from the pen of Mr. Swift.

The History of British India. By James Mill, Esq.

(Continued from p. 115.)

MR. HASTINGS was succeeded in the office of Chief Governor of the British establishments in India, by Mr. Macpherson, the senior in council. This gentleman went to India as purser of a ship, and soon distinguished himself by having gained the confidence of the Nabob of Arcot, which he was accused of having used to the prejudice of the Company's interests. On Mr. Macpherson's assuming the government of India, he directed his attention to the state of the revenues, which were far from prosperous, the affairs of Oude, and the proceedings of Scindia, the Mahratta chief, whose growing power rendered it necessary to guard against its consequences.

The government of India, which had been refused by Lord Macartney, was now given to Lord Cornwallis, who, furnished with an extensive code of instructions by the Board of Control and Court of Directors, entered upon the functions of his office in September, 1786. The administration of this nobleman was divided into measures of international transactions and of internal reform; some relaxation of the pecuniary burthens laid on the Nabob of Oude was granted, and the Gentoo Circar obtained from the Nizam; but more important matters soon forced themselves on the new government, in the hostile designs of Tippoo Saib against the Rajah of Travancore, an ally of the English. The descent of Tippoo with an army into the western country, filled the Rajah with apprehensions, and he lost no time in soliciting from the government of Madras a company of Sepoys, with an English officer, as a demonstration to the Sultan of the assistance which he might expect to receive.

To meet the formidable power of Tippoo, the English formed treaties of alliance with the Nizam and the Mahrattas, and the most active measures were taken for the approaching campaign; the line of communication between the confederate powers was established; an enemy's country was obtained for the supply of the troops, and nothing remained but to make Tippoo contend for his throne in the centre of his dominions, a measure anticipated by Tippoo, and prevented by his descending the Gujelbutty Pass, and driving back a division of the English forces; but nothing material occurred in this campaign.

Lord Cornwallis now determined to take in person the command of the

English army against Tippoo; but so totally destitute were they of provisions, that the allied armies were compelled to separate, without effecting any thing decisive, although, on several occasions, the English had displayed the utmost gallantry, and their superiority over their enemy, notwithstanding the advantages he possessed in every other respect. On the 6th of February, 1792, the English attacked the camp of the Sultan before Seringapatam, in three columns; the camp was penetrated before Tippoo was aware of the attack, and two redoubts taken; four more still remained in the hands of the enemy, but these were soon captured, and preparations made for besieging the fort. On the evening of the 8th, Tippoo made an overture for negotiation, through Lieutenants Chambers and Nash, who had been taken prisoners at Coimbatore. Of the preliminary treaty which Tippoo was constrained to accept, the substantial conditions were,—that he should cede one half of his territories to the allies; pay three crores* and thirty lacs of rupees, and give up two of his three elder sons, as hostages for a due execution of the treaty. These children were eight and ten years of age, and as the ceremony of their reception has given rise to an excellent painting of the subject, we doubt not but some account of it may be acceptable to our readers. The uneasiness which parting with the princes produced in the seraglio occasioned some delay, and Lord Cornwallis sent to the Sultan, that he would himself wait on them, but Tippoo answered with courtesy, that he could by no means consent that he should have the trouble, and that they should be brought at once to his tent.

"On the 21st, about noon, the princes left the fort. It appeared to be manned for the occasion, and was crowded with people to see the princes depart. The sultan himself was on the rampart, above the gateway; the fort saluted as the princes went out.

"On approaching the English camp, they were received by a salute of twenty-one guns from the park. At their own tents, they were met by Captain Kennaway, the English negotiator, with the vakeels of the Nizam and Mahrattas, and by them conducted to the commander in chief. They were each mounted on an elephant, richly caparisoned, and seated in a silver houndah; they were attended by their father's vakeels, on elephants. The procession was led by several camel

* A crore, is ten millions; a lac, one hundred thousand, and the value of the rupee from two shillings to two and three pence.—REV.

hircarrahs, and seven standard-bearers, carrying small green flags, followed by one hundred pikemen, with spears inlaid with silver. Their guard of two hundred of their father's sepoys, and a party of horse brought up their rear. As they drew near to head quarters, the battalion of sepoys, intended for their English guard, formed an avenue to conduct them.

"Lord Cornwallis, attended by his staff, and some of the principal officers of his army, received them as they dismounted from their elephants, at the door of his great tent; embraced them; led them in by the hand, and seated them one on each side of himself; when he was thus addressed by the head vakeel:— 'These children were this morning the sons of the sultan, my master; they now must look up to your lordship as a father!' His lordship assured, with earnestness, both the vakeels and the princes, that they should not feel the loss of a father's care. The faces of the children brightened up, and every spectator was moved. At this interview, Lord Cornwallis presented each of them with a gold watch, which appeared to give them great satisfaction. Bred up, as usual, with the children of the east, to imitate the reserve and politeness of age, and educated with infinite care, all were astonished to behold the propriety of their deportment."—Vol. iii, p. 253.

Some difficulties attended adjusting the terms of the definitive treaty, and preparations were ordered for resuming the siege, and for removing the princes to the Carnatic, when the submission of the Sultan was intimated; and, on the 19th of March, the hostage princes performed the ceremony of delivering the definitive treaty to Lord Cornwallis and the allies. The war between England and France, in 1793, added, by an easy conquest, the whole of the French settlements in India to the English possessions; and, after effecting several financial and judicial reforms, which had been principally recommended by the Board of Control, Lord Cornwallis returned to Europe.

Sir John Shore, of the Company's civil service, whose knowledge of the revenue system of India was held in peculiar esteem, was the successor of Lord Cornwallis. During this gentleman's administration, a war commenced between the Nizam and the Mahrattas, which terminated without changing the relative situation of each towards the English: and Tippoo having fulfilled the treaty of Seringapatam, received back his children, but would not enter into the overtures made of a more amicable connection. The Nabob of Oude died, and his son, who succeeded him, was deposed, on the ground of illegitimacy, and

the Dutch settlements in Ceylon, Malacca, Banda and Amboyna, Cochin, and the Cape of Good Hope were captured. In 1798, Sir John Shore, who had been raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Teignmouth, resigned the government of India.

After some indecision as to the successor of Lord Teignmouth, the Earl of Mornington was sent out as Governor General. He arrived at Calcutta on the 17th of May, 1798, at the very time that Tippoo Saib was intriguing with the French at the Isle of France, and requesting a supply of troops to enable him to make war against the English, and, if possible, to expel them from India. The Governor General resolved upon "an immediate attack upon Tippoo Sultan, for the purpose of frustrating the execution of his unprovoked and unwarrantable projects of ambition and revenge;" a measure which "appeared to be demanded by the soundest maxims both of justice and policy." Such was the decision of Lord Mornington, only two days after he had heard of Tippoo's designs, and only three weeks after his arrival in India.

Some attempts at negotiation were made, but as Tippoo would not yield to the demands made upon him, General Harris, at the head of the English army, entered the Mysore territory on the 5th of March, 1799, and commenced his operations by the reduction of several forts upon the frontier. The plan of the campaign was, that the army should not lose time in taking the intermediate forts, or even to form a clear line of communication, but march directly upon Seringapatam, and, by a single blow, determine the contest. After much delay, occasioned by the enormous train of battering cannon, and their cumbrous baggage, the army arrived before Seringapatam on the 30th. The Sultan had hoped to have intercepted the army, but was disappointed, which struck a damp to his heart. Having received the whole of his principal officers, 'We have arrived,' said he, 'at our last stage, what is your determination?' 'To die along with you,' was the universal reply. Another overture was made by Tippoo, but without effect, when the English, on measuring their bags, to ascertain what rice they really contained, found that only *eighteen days provision for the fighting men, at half allowance*, remained in the camp. Still Tippoo endeavoured to negotiate, but the terms demanded were so exorbitant, that he delayed to yield to them, and the situation of the British army

not admitting of any temporizing, the siege was commenced on the 30th of April.

Tippoo, whose mind was always defective in judgment, seems, when adversity came upon him, to have become too effeminate to look it steadily in the face, or to employ in the best manner the means which were in his power to meet the danger. He was absorbed in religious and astrological operations, to ascertain or avert the fate which seemed to await him. On the 4th of May the assault was commenced, when Tippoo, ordering his troops under arms, hurried along the northern rampart to the breach, where he performed the part of a common soldier, rather than that of a general, firing several times upon the assailants with his own hands; and, when abandoned by his men, he did not attempt to make his escape, but rushing onward, received two musket-balls in his body; his horse also being wounded, sunk under him, and his turban fell to the ground. His attendants placed him in his palanquin, but the place was so choked up with the dead and dying, that he could not be removed. It is related, that an English soldier, "offering to pull off the sword-belt of the Sultan, which was very rich, Tippoo, who still held his sabre in his hand, made a cut at him with all his remaining strength. The man, wounded in the knee, put his firelock to his shoulder, and the Sultan receiving the ball in his temple, instantly expired." The place was soon in possession of the English, and the persons of the princes secured; the sons and officers of Tippoo surrendered in a few days, and the whole country of the Mysore was in our power.

The next question was, how the conquered kingdom should be disposed of? when it was at length decreed, that portions of territory, of equal revenue, should be taken by the English, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas, and that of the remaining portion a separate state should be formed, and given to the direct male descendant of the Rajahs of Mysore, a child of a few years old. To the family of Tippoo, the fortress of Velore, in the Carnatic, was assigned, with a liberal allowance for their support, and their principal officers provided for, according to their rank.

Considerable changes were now meditated by Lord Mornington; an embassy was sent to Persia, and a treaty of alliance formed with that power, by which the French were excluded from it, and other advantages obtained. The Nabob of Oude was urged to re-

form his military establishment, and a cession of one half of his country obtained. The Nabobs of Arcot and Srirangapatna and the Rajah of Tanjore were deposed.

Passing over subjects of minor importance, we come to the extensive scheme of operations formed by the Governor General in 1803. In the north, the first of the military objects was, to conquer the whole of that portion of Scindia's dominions which lay between the Ganges and Jumna; destroying completely the French force by which that district was protected, and extending the Company's frontier to the Jumna, with the annexation of Bundelcund to the British dominions. In the south, General Wellesley was expected to defeat the confederate army of Scindia and the Rajah of Berar, and to protect from all danger, in that direction, the dominions of the Company and their allies; nor was it long before these great objects were obtained by the skill of Generals Lake and Wellesley, to whom the command of the two armies was consigned. The former entered Delhi, and possessed himself of the person and family of the Emperor Shah Aulum, captured Agra, and in less than three months destroyed Scindia's French force, and added that extensive territory, in the region of Jumna, to the British possessions.—Meanwhile, General Wellesley, who was equally successful, had gained the battle of Assye, and compelled Scindia to a favourable and defensive treaty of alliance.

In December, 1803, Holkar, who had abstained from co-operating with the other chieftains against the English, took up a position which threatened the security of the Rajah of Jyenaugur, an ally of the British, and, negotiations failing, it was proposed to take his dominions, and to give them to the Peishwa, Scindia, and the Nizam. The Holkar dominions in the Deccan were subdued, but the union of this chieftain with the Rajah of Bhurtpore and Scindia, prevented any thing further being accomplished.

The Marquis of Wellesley, for so Lord Mornington had been created, resigned the government of India in 1805; he was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis, who reached Calcutta in July of that year, who immediately commenced a journey to the upper provinces, for the purpose of making peace with Holkar, and preserving it with Scindia, but before he was able to effect these objects he was taken ill, and lingering in a state of weakness, bordering on insensibility, expired on the 5th of October. Sir George

Barlow, the senior member of the Supreme Council, succeeded to the office of Governor General, and adhering to the plans of Lord Cornwallis, concluded those treaties with Holkar and Scindia, which his Lordship did not live to complete. The peace, which thus terminated the war with the Maharrattas, is the period at which Mr. Mills's History terminates.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Elements of Astronomy, familiarly explaining the general Phenomena of the Heavenly Bodies, and the Theory of the Tides: illustrated with Eighteen Copper Plates: To which is subjoined a complete set of questions for examination. The whole adapted as well to the use of private students as public seminaries. By Joseph Guy. 12mo. pp. 170. London, 1819.

AMID the variety of elementary treatises which, during the last twenty years, have issued from the press, and facilitated and extended the advantages of education so universally, there was yet one wanted on Astronomy; indeed, until within a very few years, it was a science which did not enter into ordinary education; reading, writing, and a small portion of arithmetic, being all that ever the middle classes of society deemed it necessary that their children should become acquainted with: but now, when the lowest orders of children can obtain a gratuitous instruction in the elementary branches of education, it becomes desirable, that those of a higher class, should be enabled to learn other sciences, without wading through the massy volumes in which alone they have hitherto been found.

The name of Mr. Guy is well known, not only as a writer of some of the most popular school books, but as a practical teacher at the Royal Military College, an advantage too obvious to be disputed in enabling him to be acquainted with the theory and practice of education. In the preface to the volume before us, the author states that "as an elementary work, care has been taken to avoid two very common evils,—that of extreme brevity, on the one hand, and of a too great prolixity on the other;" and this, we think, he has very happily accomplished, introducing all the most interesting parts of astronomy, in the limits of a small volume: the distinctions of type in the printing are also an advantage, the larger print containing the general principles and well authenticated facts, or, at least, as much of the outline of the science as should be first known, and

the smaller print consisting of matters, either less known, or of less immediate importance, or else more difficult to be comprehended. As a specimen, we shall insert one chapter, without any other selection, than that it is on a subject which does not require a reference to the plates; it is Chap. xxxiv, and treats

" OF LEAP YEAR.

"The time our earth takes to make one complete revolution in its orbit round the sun, we call a year. To complete this with great exactness, is a work of considerable difficulty. It has mostly been divided into twelve months of thirty days.

"The ancient Hebrew months consisted of thirty days each, excepting the last, which contained thirty-five. Thus the year contained 365 days. An intercalary month, at the end of 120 years supplied the difference.

"The Athenian months consisted of 30 and 29 days alternately, according to the regulation of Solon. This calculation produced a year of 354 days, and a little more than one third. But as a solar month contains 30 days, 10 hours, 29 minutes, Meton, to reconcile the difference between the solar and lunar year, added several *embolismic*, or intercalary months, during a *cycle*, or revolution of 19 years.

"The Roman months, in the time of Romulus, were only ten of 30 and 31 days. Numa Pompilius, sensible of the great deficiency of this computation, added two more months, and made a year of 355 days.

"The Egyptians had fixed the length of their year to 365 days.

"Julius Caesar, who was well acquainted with the learning of the Egyptians, was the first who attained to any accuracy on the subject. Finding the year established by Numa ten days shorter than the solar year, Julius Caesar supplied the difference, fixed the length of the year to be 365 days, 6 hours, and regulated the months according to the present measure. To allow for the six odd hours, he added an intercalary day, every fourth year, to the month of February, reckoning the 24th of that month twice, which year must, of course, consist of 366 days, and is called leap-year. From him it was denominated the Julian year.

"This year is also called Bissextile in the almanacks, and the day added is termed the intercalary day.

"The Romans, as has been observed, inserted the intercalary, by reckoning the 24th twice, and because the 24th of February, in their calendar, was called *sexto calendas mairii*, the second sixth of the calends of March, and hence the year of intercalation had the appellation of Bissextile. We introduce in leap-year a new day in the same month, namely, the 29th.

"To ascertain, at any time, what year is leap year, divide the date of the year by four, if there is no remainder it is leap-

year. Thus 1820 will be leap-year. But 1819 divided by four, leaves a remainder of three, showing that it is the third year after leap-year; and, as 1821 divided by four, leaves one, it will be the first after leap-year.

"But the true solar year does not contain exactly 365 days, 6 hours, but 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 49 seconds; which to calculate for correctly requires an additional mode of proceeding; 365 days, 6 hours, exceeds the true time by 11 minutes, 11 seconds, every year, amounting to a whole day in little less than 130 years.

"Notwithstanding this, the Julian year continued in general use till the year 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar, by cutting off ten days between the 4th and 15th of October in that year, and calling the 5th day of that month the 15th. This alteration of the style was gradually adopted through the greater part of Europe, and the year was afterwards called the Gregorian year, or *New Style*.

"In this country, the method of reckoning according to the *New Style*, was not admitted into our calendars until the year 1752, when the error amounted to nearly 11 days, which were taken from the month of September, by calling the 3d of that month the 14th.

"The error, amounting to one whole day in about 130 years, (by making every fourth year leap-year), it is settled, by an act of parliament, that the year 1800 and the year 1900, which, according to the rule above given, are leap-years, shall be computed as common years, having only 365 days in each; and that every four hundredth year afterwards, shall be a common year also. If this method be adhered to, the present mode of reckoning will not vary a single day from true time, in less than 5000 years.

"The beginning of the year was also changed, by the same act of parliament, from the 25th of March to the 1st of January, so that the succeeding months of January, February, and March, up to the 24th day, which would, by the *Old Style*, have been reckoned part of the year 1752, were accounted as the first three months of the year 1753. Hence we see such a date as this, January 1st, 1757-8, or February 3d, 1764-5: that is, according to the old style, it was 1764, but, according to the new, 1765, because now the year begins in January instead of March."—p. 116, 119.

The engravings of this volume, which illustrate the several subjects treated of, are very well executed; and we cannot quit our notice of the whole, without recommending it as a very useful volume, not only to schools, but also to the private student, who may wish to become acquainted with the harmony of the solar system, and the grandeur and glories of the universe; and even those who have studied it in early life, may still find this work useful.

Montalto; or, the Heart Unveiled: a Poem, in two Cantos, with other Poems. By Thomas Mac Carthy. 8vo. pp. 68. London. 1819.

This little poem is of the Byron school; its metre, style, and sentiments, are in unison with the noble bard's. We have a foul and unamiable being, unburthening his crimes and his quarrels with the world, when on the point of quitting it for ever.

Distressed, sinful, and hardened heroes have of late become so much the fashion, that the wayward *Montalto*, opposing all the good that nature placed in his bosom, the murderer of the woman he loved, the fratricide, and the suicide, is likely to be an admired character!

We perceive, with regret that, of late, fiction has, by gradual steps, portrayed worse and worse passions in the personification of its most prominent characters. When Mr. Scott's *Marmion* first appeared, the public were startled by so intriguing, dangerous, and base a personage bearing off the chief interest of the poem; it was considered the only fault of the composition, otherwise so captivating and novel; but *Marmion* is an angel, compared to the perverted beings which are now held in such estimation: infidels, robbers, and murderers, can alone excite rapturous approbation. We have noticed, with regret, that those who are disposed to melancholy, or otherwise disgusted with the world, are apt to identify themselves with such unhappy characters, especially in youth, when, perhaps, they could not before define the dark feelings of their minds, and clothe them in character and shape. Thus have we heard persons say, "The propensities of the *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, or *Godwin's Mandeville*, are mine; it is in vain to strive against nature, like their's will be my life and my death!" How pernicious is the effect thus diffused! it establishes miserable beings in their disgust to the society of their fellow men, checks exertion, and militates against their peace, here and hereafter. As the wheel of fashion is ever on the turn, we hope that the dark and vile recesses of wicked men's hearts, will soon be left to their own corroding imaginings, and cease to be ransacked as models for the rising generation.

Independently of this, the bane of nearly all modern reading, we are gratified in the perusal of *Montalto*; there is much poetry and fine feeling very sweetly expressed in many of the passages, and the descriptions are forcible

and clear. The following stanzas, on human passions, are well conceived:—

"There beats not, heaven! beneath thine azure cope,
One heart, unsway'd by passion's tyrant force—
Wherever fixed its views of earthly scope,
Wherever bends desire its eager course;
Lured by love's lute, or roused by trumpet hoarse,
On flowers to couch, or rush to fields of war;
Thirsting for joy from gain's polluted source,
In trade's rich mart, or law's loud wrangling bar,
The hermit in his cell, the chief in vict'ry's car.

"All mild may passion be, as zephyr's breath,
Fanning the breast of summer's sunny wave,
Or fierce as whirlwind-blasts that herald death,
And howl their requiem o'er adventure's grave—
Love may be calm, and caution has been brave—
Hearts are there found of current ever cool,
Whose tepid pulse, while fear and fury rave,
Tutoring each wish and thought in interest's school,
Is moved to love, or hate, but by some slavish rule.

"For these, the Muse has never waked one string
Of slumbering melody's immortal lyre;
No deeds are their's her voice delights to sing;
No flame to kindle her celestial fire;
Scorn'd, she leaves them to their low desire,
And sweeps her golden chords to themes sublime,
Hymning fair deeds, when gen'rous souls aspire;
Or kneeling o'er the blackened corse of crime
Embalmed for horror's gaze until the last of time.

"Enough, the curse, when one devouring fire
Of single passion makes the heart its prey—
What doom is theirs, of every wild desire,
Who own at once the devastating sway;
Lust, envy, hate, ambition, who obey.
Such strife, what earthly language may proclaim?
Oh! deign, some power, to warm my lips of clay
With quickening sparks of inspiration's flame,
That burning thoughts may live clothed in a mortal name."

We consider the following idea as a favourable specimen:—

"Were it aught worth to rack the mind's sick sight—
Could awe and wonder pluck the sting from pain—
Did thought's intensity make grief more light—
Sorrow! thy home should be the pathless main,
On ocean's vast illimitable plain;
Soothed midst the mighty elements to stand,
And, towards immensity the soul to strain.

Towards that high God, whose all-puissant hand
Heaved the green billows first, and steadfast
fix'd the land;

"Who gave to man, for ministers of
speed,
The rushing winds—to serve his will of
flight;
Making his fleet bark bound, like bridled
steed,
Over unfathom'd waters—while that light
Which science beams, unvarying and bright,
Aids him his line of trackless march to
keep,
Through the deep gloom of ocean's lonely
night,
And round his pillow of precarious sleep,
Gambol the monster-forms that fill the bel-
lowing deep."

The author is not without example,
in calling our attention to his private
history, and his political opinions:—

"Though the last canvas of my hope be
furled,
I was not launched to founder in the gale;
But ride the roaring waters of the world,
Till bluer skies, and happier hours prevail,
Then spread the bosom of a bolder sail:
Full many a galley at worse random cast,
That felt the billow and the blast assail,
The tempest hushed, and all its perils past,
Has moored its weary keel on shores of
peace at last.

"How!—how may I avenge me of the
wrongs
Fortune has done me?—I will bear them
all
With firmness, never shaken, as belongs
To one, who ne'er by what fate bids befall
Of merit deemed in others—who can call
His soul to witness that he honours more
Than in their might, the mighty in their
fall—
As him, that, prisoned on a hopeless shore,
Turns in his moveless mind his altered for-
tunes o'er."

We forbear to give extracts from the
tale itself, as we consider the orna-
mental part more meritorious and in-
teresting.

Cambriana,

No. III.

BARDIC INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In writing on subjects connected
with the ancient history, language, or
literature of Britain, it is impossible to
avoid a frequent reference to the Bards:
at least, no dissertation on these subjects
can be considered complete or satisfac-
tory, that does not mainly rest upon
Bardic authority. And, had the early
historians of this island, and those who
have since profited by their labours, con-
sulted this source of information more
generally than they have done, (if, in-
deed, they can be said to have resorted
to it at all,) many errors and absurdities
now too apparent, would never have dis-
figured their pages. The celestial form
of truth would have presented herself to

our view, in many instances, where we
now only behold the image of fable.

But, through the general ignorance on
the subject, the Bards of Britain have been,
for the most part, confounded with those
romancing rhapsodists, who have been
known in other countries under the ap-
pellation of poets; yet no two classes of
men could be more distinct in their gene-
ral character. While the latter, as the
very etymology of their name indicates,*
were inventors of fiction; truth, and truth
alone, was the constant guide of the
former. The poets, again, in all coun-
tries, and in all times, have been subject
only, in their effusions, to their own
wanton caprice, bound by no laws, and
unconnected by any reciprocal ties; but
the Bards, from the most remote period,
were under a uniform system of rules and
discipline, to which, not only in their
mental productions, but in their lives and
actions, they were obliged to conform.
However, in order to explain this dis-
tinction more fully, I shall devote this
and some future letters to a summary
account of the institution of Bardism, as
anciently established in this country. The
subject has, indeed, been already most
satisfactorily elucidated;† but it is still
far from being generally understood.
The circulation afforded by your paper,
may possibly contribute, in some mea-
sure, to this desirable result.

As to the period in which the system
of Bardism originated, it is not now pos-
sible to form any certain opinion. Some,
I am aware, have made it coeval with the
Pythagorean philosophy in Greece, and
others have not scrupled to trace its foun-
dation to the Patriarchal ages. And, while
the doctrine of Metempsychosis, which
formed an essential part of the Bardic
Creed, seems to justify the first conjec-
ture, the primitive simplicity of the sys-
tem in general appears more particularly
to favour the last. And, if it be true,
that the oak was an object of veneration
among the early Druids,* who were the
priests of the Bardic Institution, the pecu-
liar regard in which the same tree was
held by the Patriarchs, and especially
in the time of Abraham,† serves to point

* From the Greek *ποιητο*, to make

† The best treatise on the subject, which
I have yet seen, is that by Mr. W. Owen, pre-
fixed to his edition of *Llywarch Hen*. Mr.
Evans's "*Dissertatio de Bardis*" deserves also
to be consulted.

* The sacred character of the oak amongst
the Druids, is particularly noticed by the
elder Pliny.—See Lib. 16, c. 44. The misle-
toe is also mentioned, by the same author, to
have been holden in veneration, because
usually found in oak groves. Ovid alludes,
likewise, to this in the following line:—

"Ad viscum Druidæ, Druidæ clamare solebant"

† I allude to the oaks of Mamre and Beer-
sheba.—See Gen. ch. 13, v. 18, and ch. 21,
v. 33. The English version, however, which
gives us "plain" in one of these instances,
and "grove" in the other, is not an exact
translation either of the Hebrew or of the
Septuagint. Oaks were also in peculiar ve-
neration amongst the Heathens. Witness

out a conformity of custom that can hardly
be considered as accidental. However,
without presuming to discover the origin
of Bardism, it is certain that its foundation
in this island was of very high antiquity;
and in no other country can its existence
be traced to so remote an age. For we
find, in the Triads of Dyfnwal Moelmud,‡
who lived about four centuries before the
Christian era, that the system was, even
in his time, of ancient date. This I infer
from the frequent allusions, made in those
documents, to the regular assemblies and
other acknowledged privileges of the in-
stitution. And, if we add to this testi-
mony, that of the Bardic Triads, contain-
ing the laws and principles of the system,
collected from the most ancient traditions,
there can hardly be a doubt that the esta-
blishment of Bardism in Britain was long
antecedent to those times which are com-
monly called historical.

Among the writers of Greece and Rome,
those who make any particular mention
of the Bardic or Druidical Institution, are
Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Pliny,
and Ammianus Marcellinus; and of these
Cæsar must be considered as the most
authentic, as having had the advantage of
some degree of personal observation;
yet, even Cæsar does not take that full
and satisfactory view of the institution
which a more intimate acquaintance with
the language spoken in Britain and Gaul,
and a nearer intercourse with the inha-
bitants, might have enabled him to do.
This is apparent from his entire silence
with respect to the Bards, whom he alto-
gether confounds with the Druids, who
formed, however, only a component part
of the same system; yet he evidently
assigns to the latter several characteristics
which expressly belonged to the former.
In this respect, Strabo and Marcellinus, as
will be noticed hereafter, seem to have
had more accurate information, from the
distinction which they draw between the
respective orders. Yet Cæsar's descrip-
tion, whatever may be its defect in parti-
culars, is undoubtedly the most valuable
for its general correctness. And it de-
serves to be remarked, that he considers,
agreeably with the notions recorded in
the Bardic Triads,* that the institution
originated in Britain, and was from thence
transported to Gaul.

To come now to the more immediate
object of this letter, it shall be my busi-
ness to offer a summary view of the most
prominent features of Bardism, as they are
to be collected from the Institutional
Triads already adverted to.† And where—

Jupiter's Grove of Dodona, the trees of which
were endued with supernatural powers, and
were, on that account, called "*παντιχαι δρυες*"
—prophetic oaks.

† He was one of the most famous legis-
lators of the Ancient Britons, and formed a
Code of Laws, of which Hywel Dda availed
himself, in the 10th century, when he made
his celebrated compilation.

* On this account, Bards, of whatever
country, were always styled "Bards according
to the rights and institutes of the Bards of
the Isle of Britain"

† These public traditions were preserved

ever I may find a correspondence between these and the classical writers, I shall take occasion to notice it; for such an agreement cannot but be, historically considered, peculiarly valuable.

The fundamental objects of Bardism, then, as it anciently existed in Britain, were "to reform manners and customs, to promote peace, and to celebrate all that was good and praiseworthy;† or, in other words, the general diffusion of benevolence and of peace. And, as a necessary consequence of these principles, it was incumbent on every member of the institution to possess, among other qualifications, irreproachable morals, and also scrupulously to refrain from the use of arms,‡ unless in cases of the most imperious necessity. To both these peculiarities Cæsar bears witness; * where he says, (I shall translate his words)—that "those who are interdicted from the institution are reckoned the most profligate of mankind, and whose company all men avoid as if it were some contagious disorder." And, shortly afterwards, he observes, that the "Druids (or Bards) are exempt from all military payments, and are excused from serving in wars." To these two leading characteristics of Bardism may be added a third—the "love of truth," which was so zealously cultivated, and especially in their poetical character, that even satire was strictly prohibited, or accounted as one of their "three necessary and reluctant duties," in cases of extreme necessity. Hence, "pure truth, pure language, and pure manners," were regarded as the "three indispensable purities of poetry." And, so paramount was this principle of truth considered, that "Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd," or "truth against the world," was the invariable motto and rule of the institution.

In addition to these three primary characteristics of Bardism, there were likewise others of a subordinate nature, by which the conduct of its members was regulated. Among these, the free investigation of all matters relating to truth and wisdom, and the uniform publicity of their

actions, are the most worthy of being noticed.

With respect to the first of these regulations, it was an unalterable maxim of the Bards "*coeliaw dim a choeliaw pob peth*," literally, "to believe nothing, and to believe every thing;" but more properly, to believe nothing that had not the support of reason and truth, and to believe every thing that had this test in its favour: and such a maxim must be allowed to have been peculiarly conducive to the establishment of useful knowledge on a firm and durable basis.

The publicity of their actions, another principle of the institution, was also particularly observed. Hence it became a rule, that their meetings were always to be holden in the open air, in a conspicuous situation, and whilst the sun was above the horizon; or, according to the Bardic maxim, "*Yn wyneb haul a Uygad goleuni*," in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light. The place usually selected for this purpose, was as central as possible, a circumstance to which Cæsar also alludes in the following passage:†—

"At a fixed period in every year, they have a general assembly in the territory of the Carnutes, which lies about the middle of Gaul, in a grove‡ consecrated for the occasion. To this place all persons resort who have any controversies to be determined, and where they submit to the judgment delivered by the Druids." At these public assemblies, called in Welsh "*Gorseddau*," it was always necessary that the Bardic traditions should be recited; and as this custom is considered to have been regularly continued from the most ancient times, it accounts for the veneration with which the songs and aphorisms of the Bards have ever been regarded in Wales. It also, I may add, stamps on these productions a character of authenticity, far superior to that of most ancient writings; for the very publicity with which these traditions were preserved, proved an infallible security against their falsification, since they were always pronounced, as the Welsh maxim emphatically describes it, "in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." And this custom may serve to explain that other passage of Cæsar, cited in my last letter, in which he speaks of the disciples of the institution, "not being allowed to commit to writing what they were taught." This was undoubtedly, in the first place, to preserve oral tradition in its primitive purity; and, as an object necessary to this, to encourage (according to Cæsar's just remark) a retentive memory in the pupils, which the habit of trusting to written documents could not have failed

* De Bello Gallico, *ubi supra*.

† It is questionable, perhaps, whether the word, in the original, ought to be *here loco* or *luco*. My edition of Cæsar adopts the latter, which I have accordingly translated. But I should state, that the Bardic traditions, now extant, make no mention of groves; and it was, moreover, as I have already said, the constant practice of the institution to meet "in the open air."

to impair. So accurate an idea did this sagacious Roman form, even from his own cursory observations, of the very life and spirit of Bardism.

I have thus endeavoured to furnish a general insight into this ancient and renowned institution, with respect, at least, to its origin and its most remarkable peculiarities. Much, however, remains to be described, both in relation to its religious and poetical character, and to the respective orders, of which it was anciently composed. These particulars, together with a general historical view of the institution, must be reserved for some of my future letters; for, I fear, I have already overstepped the bounds which should have been set to this. However, it was hardly possible for me to have curtailed my observations, consistently with that explanatory account which I wished to give of the general nature of Bardism; and if it may serve to correct some of the erroneous notions, ignorantly adopted with respect to this system, the only object I have at present in view will be accomplished. ORDOVEX.

February 14th, 1819.

THE QUACK ARTIST.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR—Having nearly ready for Publication, an exposure of the incendiary system of Quackery, which so materially affects the British School of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. I beg leave to pledge my word and honour to your readers, that I was not the author of "*A Quack Artist*"—signed CASTIGATOR, which appeared in your last number *, nor do I at all know who was the writer. Whatever I publish on the subject shall have my initials, or name in full.

I am, Sir,

Your respectful and obedient Servant,
WM. CAREY.

ANTI-DUELLO.

In the review of the above ancient tract, in our preceding Number, page 101, the following extract should have been subjoined to the paragraph beginning, "The following is among the religious views," &c.

"8. Section. But it is yet more cruel. To what danger are their two souls exposed? If one of the two be slain in the field, what shall become of that soul which departs out of this world all so swolne with vengeance, all set on fire with deadly rancour, fretting in his owne gall, and thirsting after the blood of his neighbour? Is it likely to be received into the bosome of the Patriarchs? Why, then, doe we hazard so swiftly the salvation of a soule, which the Sonne of God bought so dearly, and which cannot be bought againe, but at the price of so many teares, which he hath shed with great cries, and of so much blood hee hath shed to wash it? Think we not that he will demand it at our hands?"

* See Literary Journal, No. 41, p. 117.

amongst the Bards from time immemorial, and were first formed into one collection in the 16th century, at several general meetings or Congresses held for the purpose. But the final revisal did not take place till 1681, when, at a Congress at Bewpyr, under the patronage of Sir Richard Bassett, the collection previously made was declared to be a complete illustration of Bardism, as anciently established in Britain.

* When I do not mention my authority, it must be understood that I quote, as I do here, from the Triads.

† This peculiarity of the Bardic system, united, indeed, with some others, has occasioned a supposition, that the Society of Friends, or Quakers, might have originated with the Bards. And the circumstance of two Welshmen being employed by George Fox, in the arrangement of his system, may give some countenance to this conclusion. And it is even said, that a similar sect was previously known in South Wales, under the name of "Seekers."

* De Bello Gallico.—Lib. 6, c. 13 and 14.

Shipwreck.**OBSERVATIONS,**

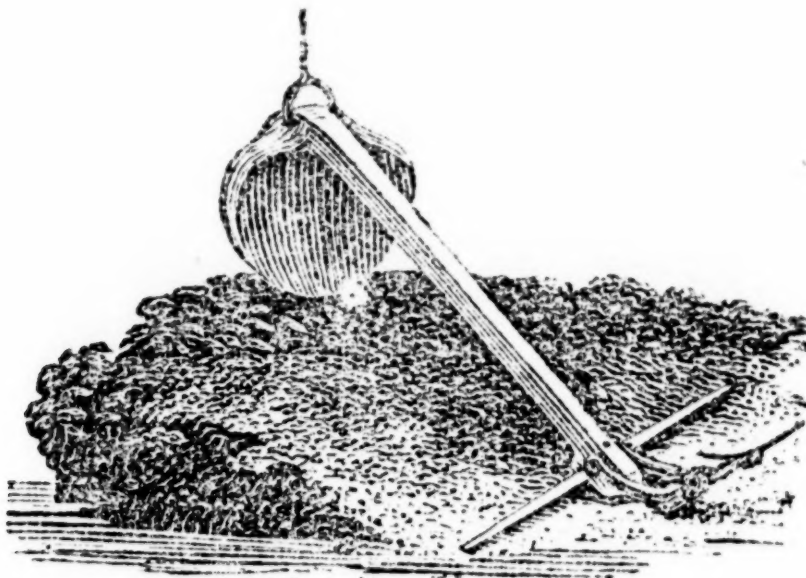
WITH DIRECTIONS,

*On the Method brought into Use by G. W. Manby, Esq., Captain in the Royal**Navy, for saving Persons from Vessels stranded on a Lee-Shore.*

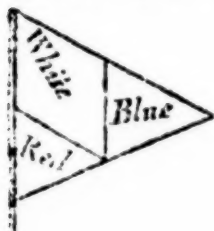
(Concluded from No. 47, p. 108.)

As cast-iron anchors will serve equally well for this purpose, and are much

cheaper than those of hammered iron, I recommend that such should be adopted. I submit a representation of one, weighing 1½ cwt., which the Honourable Navy Board permitted me to get cast, at the expense of the Government, for making the experiments.



When, from the loss of masts, or the fury of the wind, under which no sail can be carried, or from having parted from her anchors during the gale, a ship is observed driving on shore, the point at which she grounds may make the difference of life or death to the crew. It is, in such a case, of the last importance that some signal by those on shore should be made to the people in the vessel, by which they may be instructed to run aground at that point where greater depth of water, and other favourable circumstances, diminish the evil, and offer more probabilities of escape. The most simple signals for this purpose are gestures of the human body; but a more



conspicuous method is by a triangular flag, of three colours (as in the figure), which, I propose, should be an appendage to the apparatus at every one of its stations. The appearance of this flag, fixed directly against the least dangerous part of the shore, would, at once, give hopes to the crew, inspire them to exertion, and point out to them the spot to which they are to endeavour to direct their vessel. Other signals may be made by different gestures of a man, who should place himself directly before the staff of the flag; such as the following, which the possession of these Instructions, both by those who are in charge of the signal stations, &c. and the masters of ships, will make mutually understood:



Look out for the rope.



Secure the rope, and make it fast to some firm part of the wreck, and be ready to haul off a boat, cot, or basket, by it.



Make fast the rope round your body with a clove hitch, draw it close under your arms, and let the knot be upon your breast-bone.

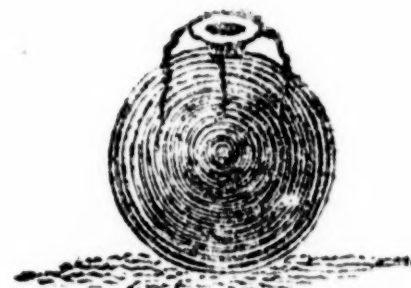


Prepare to jump overboard, and take care to clear the wreck.

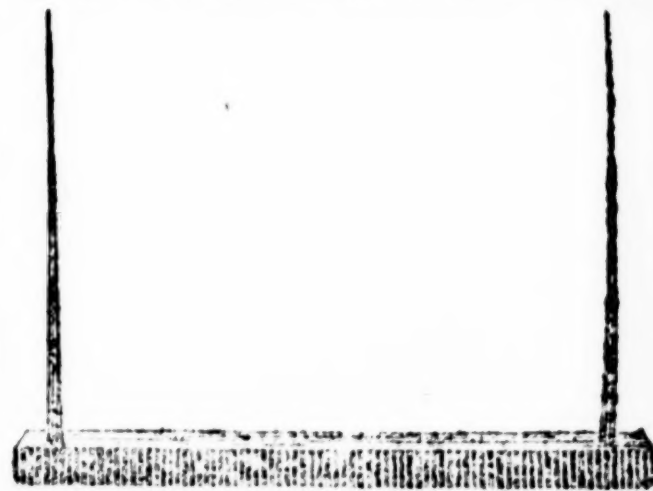
Similar gestures, by the people on board the vessel, may serve as signals of reply that they are ready.

As shipwrecks frequently happen in nights so dark that it is impossible to discern the spot at which the unfortunate vessel lies, and consequently to take aim with the mortar, while the waves that break over her have driven the crew for refuge to the tops, or other circumstances preclude them from having any light by which their situation may be ascertained by those on shore, I should have considered that my plan left much to be desired, if I had not provided the means of enabling, in the darkest night, first, those on shore to discover the vessel, and take aim with the mortar; and, secondly, those on board to discern the course of the shot and rope, and the part of the vessel on which the latter lodges.

To effect the first purpose, a hollow ball (of such a size as exactly to fit the mortar) was made of cartridge paper, pasted together to the thickness of half an inch, having a hole at the top to receive



a fuze, the head of which was drilled, and strands of quick-match, at equal distances, inserted in it, so carefully as to make it next to impossible that they should fall out by accident, and miss firing the fuze. It was filled with about fifty balls, containing what the makers of fireworks call stars, and a sufficient quantity of gunpowder to burst it, and inflame the balls of stars. The fuze was so graduated as to communicate with the gunpowder, and burst the paper shell at the height of three hundred yards; on its explosion, the balls of stars were scattered, and spread a brilliant light a great way round; and for nearly the space of a minute,



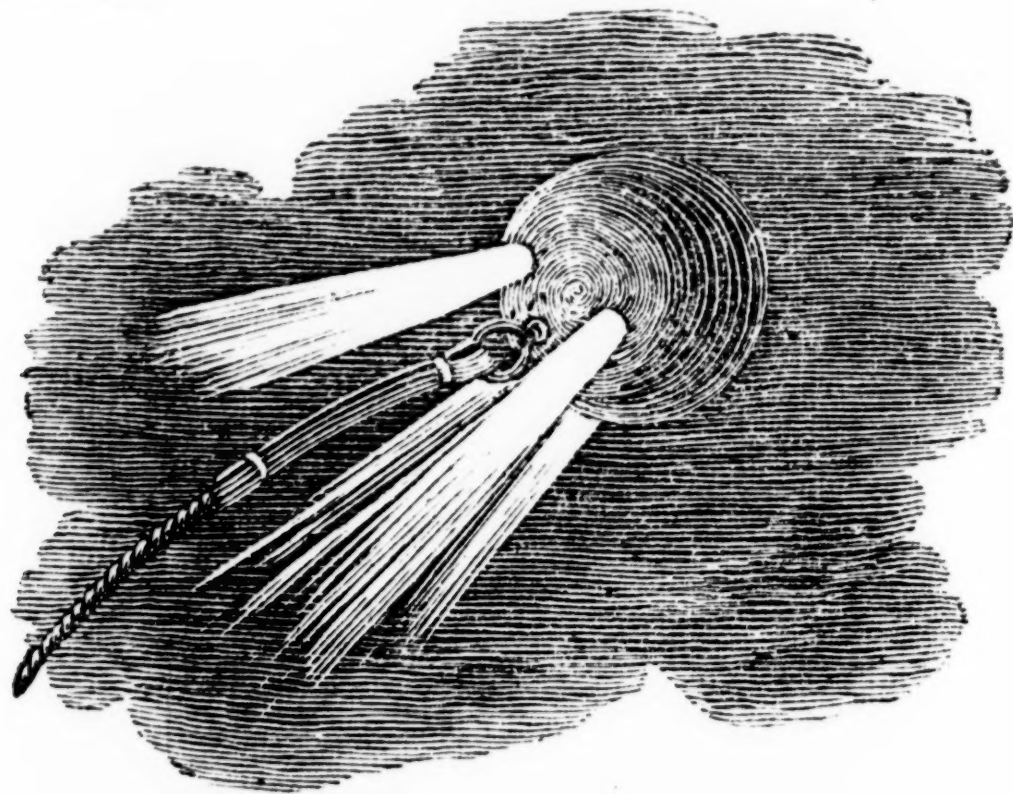
which transpired during their descent, gave in the darkest night a clear view of the object, and leisure to place a frame (like the figure) in the exact line with the vessel, by which the aim of the mortar is then to be directed. This frame is made of a piece of wood, four feet long, nine inches wide, and three inches deep, so heavy as to give a requisite degree of steadiness from its own weight) with a slender stick

at each end, in a right line with one another, painted white, that they may be more discernible in the dark.

To accomplish the object of enabling the crew to mark the course of the rope, and the place where it falls, a shell with four holes in it on the side which has the eye, is to be provided. This is filled

with a composition, which, in burning, sheds a keen glare of light; and a fuze, prepared in the same manner with the fuze of the paper shell which I have already just described, is to be fixed in each of the holes. This shell, substituted for the shot, is fixed to the rope,

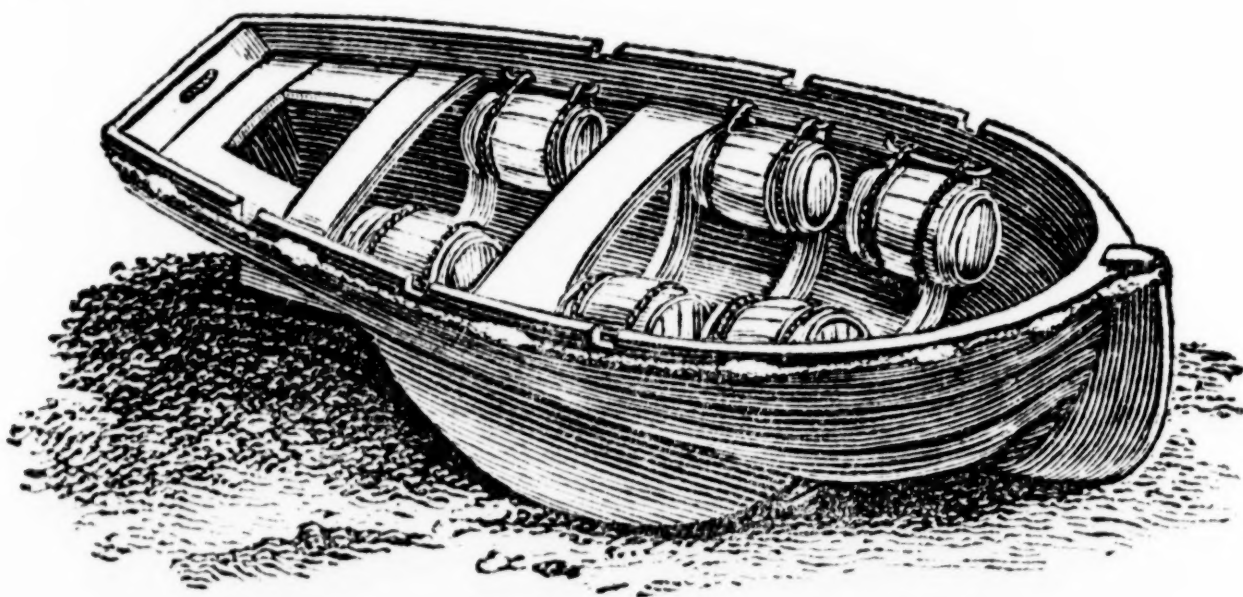
and igniting on being discharged from the mortar, pours a torrent of vivid flame, during its flight from each of the four holes, and gives the clearest sight of its course, the rope it draws with it, and every surrounding object. I subjoin a representation of this shot in its flight.



From a consideration of its vast importance, I have devoted much of my attention to produce boats calculated, in any weather, to rescue lives and property from wrecked vessels; convinced as I was, from my own experience during my visits to different parts of the coast, (when honoured with the commands of Government to take a survey of the coast, with a view to the establishment of a system of escape from shipwreck) that no such boats were yet in existence. The boat generally called the life-boat, though

admirably calculated for particular service, is so large and cumbrous, that it is at times very difficult to convey it to the point of danger; and its unwieldy size exposes it so much to the force of the winds and waves, that to get it off from a flat beach in a storm is utterly impracticable. It differs also much in its construction from that particular form of boat which obtains in different maritime districts, to which it is well known those who use it are stubbornly attached, and in

which alone they possess skill and *feel* confidence. These and other causes have not only brought the life-boat into disuse, but have produced such a neglect of it, that in some places I found it decaying, and in others actually gone to decay and falling to pieces. I am, therefore, induced to submit the simplest and least expensive mode, that has suggested itself to me, of giving to boats of whatever size and construction the principle of the life-boat.



To effect this (as in the manner represented in the cut above) empty casks were lashed and secured in the boat to give it buoyancy, notwithstanding immersion; and, to keep it in an upright position, it was fitted with billage-boards of equal depth with the keel. A piece of iron or lead was let into or made fast to the outside of the keel, which operated, if by any accident the boat was upset, to bring it instantly right again. A stout rope, with what is called a mouse by the riggers, on different parts, at intervals of it, was carried round the gunwale, the stem, and the stern, and protected it from

the ship's side, while lowering, or when driven with violence by the waves against the vessel to which it went with assistance. The casks for this service should be strong, and perfectly staunch. Those which have contained oil are to be preferred; for, saturated with that fluid, there is less reason to fear the admission of water from the contraction of the staves by the heat of a warm climate*. It will be prudent to have them every

* Casks for this purpose, that are nine gallons in measure, may be purchased at three shillings each.

year re-painted or smeared with tar. Finding, however, from trial, that the number of casks employed in this method gave more buoyancy than was needed, and that as two gallons of air are enough to support a man's body, one cask, vertically placed, (as in the cut below), under each thwart of the boat, would render it unimmovable, and as it was a more simple and less expensive mode than the former, I gave it a decided preference. After this plan, it is but to place an empty cask beneath each thwart in an upright position, and secure it by two pins on each side, and the properties of a life-



boat are given to the most common boat in use. If the boat thus fitted should fill, no more is necessary than to pull the plug out, and the boat, rising from its less specific gravity, will let all the water through at the plug-hole; an injury, consequently, to its bottom, while on service, will be attended neither with danger nor inconvenience.

TRAVELLING ANECDOTES,

FROM

JULY TO SEPTEMBER, 1818.

My companions, in the coach to Paris, from the White Bear, Piccadilly, amused me much more than I had any right to expect from strangers, whose appearance was far from promising extraordinary pleasure or instruction; for one went fast asleep soon after I entered the carriage, and the other was nodding when I came in: but we were no sooner off the stones, and beyond the turnpike, than they both awoke, and began to talk fluently in broken English, German, and Italian. My hopes now brightened, and I soon found I was in good company, and that my fellow-travellers were men of considerable talents, and eloquent on all subjects, in many languages. One was a poet, and rode on his Pegasus, the other had made the wind his post-horse, and had passed the courier from Paris to Marseilles in the night, and arrived at the latter place before him. This I thought quite enough; but he had greater deeds to tell, which were so expeditious, that myself and the Italian agreed to call him the Telegraph. The wonderful is always attended with delight, as Shakesperians know, from the charms they experience when, like Desdemona, they hear, with rapture, the stupendous tale of "antres" dire, inhabited by men with heads below their shoulders. But, notwithstanding all these pleasant recollections, I own I liked my left-hand neighbour best, and would rather have him *de mon côté que contre moi*. The reason of this preference is easily accounted for, since he had been an in-

voluntary subject of the Corsican, understood to a nicety the nature of his government, and drew his portrait to the life, by comparing him to Jupiter, in Horace, whose empire was over kings, whilst they governed only their own subjects; so Napoleon was lord paramount over his brothers. All this he well expressed in his own language, and most happily depicted the contented state of his countrymen during the Napoleonic dynasty. But what are my words to his original, as he gave it? *con amore e fantasia*,

D'al altissimo in see
Si monda la tempesta,
L'altissimo in gèu
Toglie quel che resta,
Noi fra questi due altissimi
Siamo felicissimi.

The customhouse-officers, at Dover and at Calais, after seizures, are very violent, and lay hands on every thing that is, or is not, *en règle*; at other times, they scarce lift up the cover of your trunk; but woe to those who go over after a fit of exasperation, the *nécessaire*, then, is hardly suffered to pass, even to a piece of soap: next day, or next week, the superflu may remain undisturbed. The road is so beat, between Calais and Paris, that nothing less than a phenomenon, like the writing upon the wall of a barn between Nampont and Nonvion, would attract the notice of an old traveller:—

"We have been vanquish'd rather by treachery than the VALUE of the English. Wellington we neither love nor fear." The mistake of value for valour shews the writer to have been a Frenchman.

Just before you reach Abbeville, the conducteur, or postillion, points out a heap of stones, where the head of Phillips was crushed, and where his hat, with his name, "Phillips, of Oxford Road," was picked up; and, at no great distance, his body was found in a ditch.

The murderer, an Italian, is still, I am told, in prison, and had not yet been tried, and, it is possible, may not be brought up till the next reign. At an amnesty, and jail-delivery, in Sep-

tember, a man was set at liberty, who had been confined, *au secret*, ever since the year 1792, a long time under the influence of constitutional liberty, and not very much short of an imprisonment in the Bastille, of the greatest length, under a *sole monarch*. On both the roads, I believe, leading to Paris, through Amiens and Beauvais, the inns are rebuilt; partially at Beauvais, (*l'Ecu de France*), and wholly at Granvilliers. The Beauvais road is much frequented on account of the choir, which is the finest in France, and, with the nef of Amiens, the cloister of Chartres, and the porteuil of Rheims, would make *un vaisseau parfait*, a faultless building, and a complete gothic cathedral. It should, also, be said, that the road by Beauvais is the shortest, and no more than sixty-four leagues and a half, whereas, by Amiens and Chantilly, it is sixty-nine.

Both roads pass through St. Denis, entering Paris by the worst approach. La Belle Porte is by the Champs Elysées, from Dieppe and Rouen. All the Boulevards are delightful, but the Italian the most enchanting, because it contains the Promenade de Ghent, the rotunda, and the new café, with a garden of three quarters of an acre in length and extent.

It was on these Boulevards I enjoyed other good things besides Riches's ice, which is better than *Tortoné's*, and costs less, and heard all the amusing narratives of the day, without any alloy of damp or dew. In the year 1815, when the royal family abdicated, Mademoiselle V. fled from hence in the suite of her protector, and left her post at the theatre, and her infant with her father, who ran about the town distracted, crying, *Je suis compromis: on m'a laissé un Bourbon sur les bras*. When he was asked, if his daughter would appear again upon the stage, and resume her theatrical character as a professional artist, he answered, *Je ne le crois pas: les Bourbons sont trop pieux*. The Bourbons are sadly imposed upon, and made to bear as much as if they had the broadest backs in the world; they make songs upon them, and cry, *Vive le Roi*, but then it is with a wicked meaning, and an implication that his successor is not worthy to come after him: what refined satire, and *scandalum magnatum*, in a *double entendre*!

When the King went to Rambouillet to hunt, the peasants crowded round him, and his majesty said, most graciously, "Let my good people approach; I like to receive their homage, in all places." "Sire," replied a

courtier, "if your majesty should permit all those *qui desirent de vous voir chasser*, you will be overwhelmed." The malice of the calembourg is evident. But all this, and a great deal more, avails not as long as Monsieur De Cazes supports the throne of the Bourbons. The royalists have hitherto been deceived in their conjectures and their prophecy, that unless the king changed his minister, he would be checkmated:

L'Echiquier d'un grand roi,
On seait à plusieurs phases,
Où le roi sera échec et mat,
S'il ne change pas de cases.

In my way to the Variétés, after dinner, a foreigner, with orders, was pointed out to me, as an annuitant of the Salon, having lost all his fortune at that academy *du jeu*. It appears very generous in the holders of gaming banks, to support those who have spent their all in the service of the *vingt-et-un*, and *rouge-et-noir tables*; but there is a policy in encouraging the unfortunate, which acts as a decoy, to seduce others to hazard their last Napoleon. I am afraid this plan is but too successful, though I know an instance where it failed. On a proposition having been made to a great sufferer to accept a table at his own hotel, of which he should have a share in the profits, his answer was, *J'ai été dupé, je ne voudrai pas être fripon*; which showed a commendable pride, and a resolution to be independent, although unfortunate. When I left Paris, Beaujon and its rapid descents were on the point of being reformed, in order to prevent any more frightful accidents.

The Turks have been long celebrated for their illuminated gardens, their marble fountains, their spouting lions, and splendid hummums; but they are surpassed in grandeur and utility by the Parisians, at Tivoli, Beaujon, Ruggieri, and Belleville, and even the Lilliputians of the Boulevard du Temple. In every part of Paris, the baths are excellent, and reasonable in price; and, wherever you are lodged, of easy access, and at no great distance: now and then it will happen, where the beautiful Susannahs bathe, there will be what the Hanoverians call a *Kuckküstchen*, or a peeping-box, where some unlucky Tom of Coventry will bribe *les baigneuses* for a look: this is rare, and well guarded against, but gold, says the botanists, like the root of the trumpet-flower, will break through stone walls.

Paris is the *refugium otiosorum*, where they get so attached, that they cannot disengage themselves. They

say, in excuse, *Ou la chère est attachée, il faut qu'elle on y broute*; and, as the Emigrés, in England, answered neatly, and with grateful hearts, *Ou lache une broute, il faut qu'elle soit attachée*. This is not exactly the case with the prisoners, in France, for debt; of which there are many, who, having escaped from their creditors at home, cannot run away from their foreign friends. There is one set of English that *lies perdu* in the Conciergerie, another that lives splendidly in its own hotel, and a third that feeds its countrymen daily in a hired one. The theatres, at Paris, follow the dinner-hour, and open at seven, and sometimes at eight, where there is but one piece, as the Family of Glinet, at the Favart, Le Petit Chaperon Rouge, at the Feydeau, and some representations at the Grand Opera, Rue de Richelieu. Nothing contributes so much to digestion of a dinner of two courses, where you eat of every dish, as light airs and calembourgs. At the play of L'Homme Sans Gene, you laugh from beginning to end; and at the Chaperons of the Vaudeville, when Joli comes upon the stage, in the character of Mr. Hunt, you are so much amused, that you are ready for supper when it is over; moderate jokes, too, contribute something to a renewal of appetite: as, in L'Homme Sans Souci, or the Painter in Prison, where the rival of the lover says, *on l'attend par le coche, et je le ferai retourner en diligence*. This is good to laugh at, and what *we* should call a sorry pun; but still it has its effect, after dinner, but would never save a piece from condemnation, as Tobb's joke did in his first floor.

The French are not over fond of concerts; Madame Viganò's, at the theatre Louvois, were not so well attended as to pay her expenses, although she is an excellent artist, and daughter of Madame Naldi. The musical cognoscenti admired her talents, and she was an inmate, as well as Grassini, in the houses of high-rank Russians, Germans, English, Prussians, and Italians. When you are tired of the Boulevards, which exhibit Bartholomew Fair all the year round, and wish for England in France, you may retire to Croix-Fontaine, near Melun, a day's distance from Paris, not far from Fontainebleau, to Mrs. Wright's château, and be boarded for 300 francs a month, most agreeably at the foot of a cross, near a fountain, with twenty-three more, at an excellent table, and well lodged. The company is composed chiefly of English and Irish, but all nations are ad-

missible. A month passed in silence, makes the hum of Paris, and the society of the capital, after a short absence, the sweeter.

I was astonished, one day, on dining at a table-d'hôte, at the fineness of the table-cloth, which was laid for twenty-four, and bore upon it the arms of Portugal. I found, on inquiry, that it had belonged to General Junot, governor of Paris, under Napoleon, and that it had been left him by the king of Portugal*, among other bequests, and sold at the general's sale, at Paris.

The abundance of fruit and flowers produced this year, at Paris, overstocked the markets; and the prospect of an extraordinary vintage, added to the idea that the Allies would be removed, and they should have it all to themselves, put the people in excellent humour: so, that at the end of September, they would think of nothing but presses, and heel-taps, so called from the application of a glass to the heels of the treaders out of grapes, in the vat, in order to taste, from time to time, the wine, and learn the state of its fermentation. The Parisians, who study English with great avidity, read the Fudge Family, and are delighted with parts of it; such as the picture of a Dandy, though their own, in my opinion, is superior:—*il porte un collier de carcan, et un corset qui lui resserre le ventre, et le rend comme un horloge de sable*,—his neck is in the pillory, and his waist like an hour-glass.

Madame la Baronne de Staël is much read in Paris, though not approved by all parties, especially in the following passage.—"English Kings respected learning, and rewarded it. One would imagine the French royalists thought themselves, and were, in their own opinion, exempt from studying human nature, by the divine right by which they hold their privileges."

The King seems to be set up to be pelted at by both sexes;—a lady, of one country, says he is no patron, and a gentleman, of another, calls him, in his name, Ludovicus, the number 666 in the Revelations.* Well might the epigrammatist, if this were the case, be frightened at the lilies, and cry, "Pauvre Sire!" but the French never thought much of the true Nostradamus, and much less of the false one:—

On a beau faire, on a beau dire,
Les lys m'inspirent l'effroi;
J'ai vu le Roi, le pauvre Sire,
J'ai vu Monsieur, vive le Roi!

But you might as well move the

* Quære?—Ed.

† Ludovicus, 50, 5, 500. V. l. 100 V.—666 Rev. c. 13, 18

gates of St. Martin and St. Denis, which were condemned in 1793, and saved by M. Hubert, as think of carrying off the constitutional monarch, or of changing the succession. The dinner given at Belleville, and the patriotic couplets, of which the refrain was, *François que voulez-vous de mieux? Vive le Roi et la constitution*, forbid this. And the fête of the 25th of August, kept at St. Owen, a country seat of M. Necker, with great enthusiasm, by the colonel of the legions of the National Guard, when the following verse was sung, and encored:—

Ce roi n'a pas perdue la charte,
Quoiqu'il aille très doucement;
Et r'li et r'lan:
Il sait faire marcher la charte,
Ram paillin tambour battant.

At the Hotel des Menus Plaisirs du Roi, there are two Ostensoires, exhibited as master-pieces of art, and intended to be sent to England and to Trieste. The one for the wife of Louis XVIII, who died in England, and the other for the church where the King's aunts, Victor and Adele, are buried. An ostensorio is the sacred vessel that holds the eucharist or a relique. The Knights of the Blood of Jesus wear an oval, in which is an ostensorio, at the end of a collar round their neck. The ostensorio is supported by two angels, on their knees, and holds three drops of blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. CLENNELL, THE ARTIST.

PROPOSALS are issued, for publishing, by subscription, a Print, representing the Decisive Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo; to be engraved by W. Bromley, from a Picture by Luke Clennell, which was rewarded by the British Institution, in 1816. Size of the Engraving, 18 inches by 10½. Prints, 11. 11s. 6d. Proofs, 31. 3s. The first fifty on India paper, 51. 5s. Fifty Etchings will be taken at 11. 1s. each. 11. to be paid at the time of subscribing for prints; 21. for proofs, and 31. for the first fifty. The remainder to be paid on the delivery of the various impressions, which will be scrupulously in the order subscribed for. The picture is in the hands of the engraver, and the prints will be ready for delivery in the autumn of 1819.

The following are the afflicting circumstance of this publication:—

Mr. Clennell, the painter, is a native of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, and was originally pupil to Mr. Bewick, of Newcastle. Specimens of his talents, as an engraver on wood, will be found in some of the most elegant publications of the day. The beautiful illustrations of *Rogers's Pleasures of Memory*, from the designs of Stothard, and the

diploma of the *Highland Society*, from a drawing by the venerable *President* of the Royal Academy, (the largest wood engraving of the age) are both the productions of his hand. But his genius did not stop here. He had not been long in London before he was known to the public as a painter, and one too of no ordinary character. Possessing an active and ardent mind, he saw and estimated the advantages held out by the British Institution, he became one of its most assiduous students, and soon distinguished himself in its annual exhibitions. His rapid progress was marked by the admirers and lovers of art; and the patrons of the institution, ever ready to foster and encourage excellence, early and munificently rewarded his exertions.

In the midst of this career of success, at the moment of completing a picture for the Earl of Bridgewater, representing the fête given by the City of London to the assembled Sovereigns, a picture which had cost him unheard of labour, and which he had executed in a way to command the admiration of all who saw it, even in its unfinished and imperfect state, he was afflicted with the most dreadful of all maladies, the loss of reason. He has been now for nearly two years separated from his family and from society. This is but half the melancholy tale:—His wife, fondly attached to him, attended him day and night, fluctuating perpetually between the hope which the glimmerings of returning reason still held out, and the almost despair which followed on his again sinking into confirmed lunacy; at the moment, too, when she seemed to her friends to have overcome the severity of her trial, and was preparing to enter on some business, by which she might support her children, deprived of their father's aid, became herself the subject of the same malady, which being accompanied with fever, soon terminated in her death. The death of a young mother of a young family, is always a most afflicting event. In the present instance, the visitation is singularly aggravated by the distressing situation of the father, whose disorder becomes every day more decided, and whose recovery is now placed almost beyond hope.

It is to provide for three young children, the eldest only eight years of age, that this publication is undertaken; and though the committee who conduct it cannot but hope that the melancholy circumstances in which these little creatures are left, will not fail to excite the commiseration of the public; yet their main reliance is on the excellence of the publication as a work of art. The picture selected is a spirited and splendid composition, illustrative of a great national event; which, while it added much to the military glory of the country, is still more endeared to all our memories by its having given peace to a conflicting world.

The reward conferred on this picture by the British Institution must be considered as especially sanctioning the selection of the committee; and the well-

known talents of the engraver are the best guarantee that can be offered to the public for the excellence of the whole.

ANCIENT PYGMIES IN AMERICA.

A new wonder is reported from the United States. The following letters from St. Louis contain the particulars of the discovery of an ancient Cemetery in the Mississippi Territory:—

Extract of a Letter from St. Louis.

"A curious subject of speculation is now agitating the medical and scientific members of this town. A burial ground, distant about twenty miles, on the river Merrimack, has been discovered, containing a great number of graves, marked by a head and foot stone, none of which exceed four feet in length. The graves are lined with flat smooth stones, and the head stones all point to the east. The subjects of these tombs are discovered, upon raking away the earth that covers them, (the depth of the grave not exceeding eighteen inches) in perfect form, though the process of decay renders it impossible to obtain any entire specimen of bones. The head of these Lilliputians is strangely disproportionate to their tiny frames. The jaw-bones are of the ordinary size, and the teeth evidently those of persons of mature age. The thigh bone about the length and thickness of your thumb, and the length of the frame rarely exceeding three feet."

Extract of a Letter, dated St. Louis, November 2d, 1818.

"I will present the following statements of facts, closed with a query, to be answered in your next. There has been discovered a great number of graves on the Merrimack river, about fifteen miles west of this place. They are mostly found on smaller and larger mounds, from twelve inches to four feet high; the graves are from twelve to twenty-four inches deep, in regular rows. The subjects were all buried on their right sides, with their heads to the east. The coffin is made of a flat stone in the bottom, one on either side, and at each end. Not one grave is more than about four feet long, and we have in the house now the skeleton of one, containing a complete set of the second teeth, which measured only twenty-three inches from the head to the foot stone. Query.—What race of beings were they, and how long do you suppose they have been buried? Large trees have grown over them."

VARIETY.

Provincial Learning.—In a village in Staffordshire, not a hundred miles from L—g—n, on examining the parish accounts, the three following curiosities appeared:—One of the Overseers had made sixty-three weeks in the year;

an item in the other Overseer's account was, for a sum of money paid in aid of the *County Rats*; this caused a good deal of laughter, in which none joined more heartily than the Constable, who immediately afterwards produced his accounts, in which was a charge for holding a *conquest* over a man found dead.

Congress Curiosities.—Here may be seen a *King*, an *Earl*, the *Pope*, and the *Abbot*. Here, also, may be witnessed, the philosophy of a *Newton*, the metaphysics of an *Edwards*, the poetical powers of a *Campbell*, *Byron*, and *Eloomfield*, and the valour of a *Wallace*; nay *Moore*, the strength of a *Sampson*, and the congregated powers of three *Nelsons*. A *Parrot* and a *Hogg*, with a short *Cobb*. A *Walker* of much speed; two *Noble Taylors*, a *Hale Butler*, a *Rich Sawyer*, a *Pleasant Barber*, a *Smart Mason*, a *New Cook*, and a *Strong Miller*. Two *Blount Savage Hunters*. A *Troop of Smiths*, with a *Sergeant*. The city of *Paris*, with *Halls*, *Stores*, *Lanes*, and *Mills*. A *Fuller* and an *Ash-man*.—And a *Little Clay* and *Rice*.—*United States Paper*.

Danger of Delay.—At a parish church, not many miles from *Liverpool*, twelve couple appeared one morning to be married; but, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the clergyman, the weddings were obliged to be postponed till the next day. Accordingly, the clergyman was in regular attendance the following day, at the same hour, when, out of those twelve couples, only seven made their appearance.—The marriages of the remainder had been put off *sine die*.

Fine Arts.

PERHAPS no occurrence in the history of the Fine Arts in this country ever occasioned so strong and general a sensation in the capital, as the opening of Sir John Leicester's gallery, in Hill Street, last spring. A collection of paintings, wholly composed of the works of British Artists, and formed by an English Gentleman of rank and fortune, was a novelty in which the public spirit and social feelings of Englishmen found an object of generous pride and national enthusiasm. The contempt, with which the higher classes had so long looked upon the performances of the British school, formed a blemish in the British character; for it may be truly said, that every other civilized country but England glories in the genius of their native painters and sculptors; and, by affording them a liberal countenance and patronage, endeavours to excite their emulation, and afford means for their

improvement. In this island, for nearly two centuries, the people were hostile to the Fine Arts, and held them in a religious abhorrence. It is only of late, since the foundation of the British Institution, that our nobility and gentry have begun to abate of their prejudices so far as to admit the landscapes, fancy and historical pictures of their countrymen, to a share of space on the walls of some of their inferior apartments, while their principal rooms are, still, occupied by the works of foreign schools. But, long before the foundation of the British Institution, Sir John Leicester not only rose with a generous manliness above the prejudices of his time, and patronized the British artists, but he gave their works an exclusive preference in his splendid mansion at Tabley, and in his gallery in Hill Street. This distinguished amateur, with a princely munificence, since last spring, expended a large sum, in making additions by *Fuseli*, *West*, *Turner*, *Collins*, and *Hilton*, to his splendid collection. Some fine pictures by *Opie* and *Northcote*, have also been added to the number. The gallery has been superbly fitted up; and the pictures are newly arranged so as to bring forward the historical and fancy subjects, in the most conspicuous point of view. The exhibition is to be opened in March next, and the circumstance already occupies the highest amateur circles. The enthusiasm of the artists is excited, and the eye of the nation fixed on the approaching event, as on a day of triumph. The effect is in the highest degree impressive, and calculated to rouse the proudest feelings of Englishmen. The spectator, surrounded by the works of his countrymen, shares in their glory, and the genius of England feels herself, within those walls, in a field of fame, where her first victories over Anti-British prejudice, have already set a spirit-stirring example to others, and bid fair to extend the reputation of the British school, and multiply its patrons in every part of the empire. Of the good effect produced by Sir John's patronage, a single instance may be noticed in the recent election of *Hilton*, by the Royal Academicians, an honour which immediately followed the production of his *chef d'œuvre*, the *Jupiter and Europa*. This glory of the British School, which was painted on a commission for Sir John, now holds a distinguished place in that magnificent collection, and is forever identified with the imperishable celebrity of the Leicester Gallery.

W. C.

Mr. William Carey has nearly ready for the Public eye, his "Exposition of the *Anti-British* system of publication, tending to sacrifice the honour and interests of the British Institution; of the Royal Academy; and of the whole body of the British Artists, to the passions, cabals, and audacious falsehoods of certain disappointed candidates for prizes at the British Gallery, and the rank of Associate Academician."—This work will form two octavo volumes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

February 17 to 24, 1819.

DRAMA.

The House of Atreus, and the House of Laius; Tragedies founded on the Greek Drama. By John Smith. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

The Art of French Conversation. By D. Boileau. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

LAW.

The Law of Elections. Part 3. By W. T. Roe, Esq. 8vo. 10s.

The Penal Code of France, Translated. 8vo. 5s.

Reports of Cases in Vice-Chancellor's Court, before Sir John Leach, Knt. By H. Maddock, Esq. Vol. 3. Part 1. 8vo. 9s.

MISCELLANIES.

Familiar Dissertations on Theological and Moral Subjects. By the Rev. W. Barrow. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. 3. Part 2 4to. 11. 5s.

NOVELS.

Normanburn; or, the History of a Yorkshire Family. 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s.

Kalila and Dimna; or, the Fables of Bidpai. Translated from the Asiatic. By the Rev. W. Knatchbull, A. M. 8vo. 15s.

Lucilla; or, the Reconciliation. By the Author of the "Two Sisters," "Adopted Daughter, &c." 2 vols. 10s.

THEOLOGY.

Life of Jesus Christ; including his Apocryphal History from the Spurious Gospels, &c. 8vo. 7s.

Sermons on interesting Subjects. By the Rev. Robt. Balfour, D. D. 8vo. 6s.

POETRY.

Specimens of the British Poets; with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry. By Thomas Campbell, 7 vols. 8vo. 31. 13s. 6d.

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Galvanism.—On the 4th November last, various galvanic experiments were made on the body of the murderer Clydesdale, by Dr. Ure, of Glasgow, with a voltaic battery of two hundred and seventy pairs of four inch plates. The results were truly appalling. On moving the rod from the hip to the heel, the knee being previously bent, the leg was thrown out with such violence as nearly to overturn one of the assistants, who, in vain, attempted to prevent its extension! In the second experiment, the rod was applied to the phrenic nerve in the neck, when laborious breathing instantly commenced; the chest heaved and fell; the belly was protruded and collapsed, with the relaxing and retiring diaphragm; and it is thought, that but from the complete evacuation of the blood, pulsation might have occurred! In the third experiment, the supra-orbital nerve was touched, when every muscle in the murderer's face "was thrown into fearful action." The scene was hideous—several of the spectators left the room, and one gentleman actually fainted from terror or sickness. In the fourth experiment, the transmitting of the electrical power from the spinal marrow to the ulnar nerve at the elbow, the fingers were instantly put in motion, and the agitation of the arm was so great, that the corpse seemed to point to the different spectators, some of whom thought it had come to life! Dr. Ure appears to be of opinion, that had

not incisions been made in the blood-vessels of the neck, and the spinal marrow been lacerated, the criminal might have been restored to life!

Rat Skin.—A pair of shoes, the upper leathers of which were made of *rat-skin*, were exhibited a few days ago at East Retford; the leather is exceedingly smooth, and as soft as the finest kid, and yet appears stout and firm. It took six skins to make the pair of shoes.

Gas.—It has been satisfactorily proved, that the ammoniacal liquor produced in the manufactory of gas from coal, will effectually destroy the grub and other worms, which so often destroy the hopes of the gardener, particularly in his early crops. So far is the liquid from injuring the tenderest plant, that it seems rather to invigorate it than otherwise.

Cashmere Shawls.—Accounts from Marinpól, in the Government of Catharinaslaw, of the 17th December, say, that "the Chevalier Joubert, who has been sent by the French Government to Cashmere, to conduct from that country to France a number of the Cashmere goats, of whose wool the valuable shawls are made, has arrived at Marinpól on his return. The flock of goats that he has brought with him amounts to one thousand three hundred. They were almost all of them white. When they were drawn through Marinpól, the cold was at fifteen degrees of Reaumur, and the snow half an arsheen deep, and this temperature of the air seemed to agree with them. They were to be drawn from Marinpól to Theodosia, and there embarked for France.

Smoking of a Lamp.—To prevent the smoking of a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trouble of preparing it.

Models in Wax.—The Anatomical Theatre of the University of Oxford, has recently received, as a present, some beautiful models in wax, formed with so much accuracy, as to supersede the necessity of having recourse to the human body for anatomical instruction and experiment. They were executed by a most ingenious artist in Florence.

Comets.—Besides the comets discovered in the constellations of Pegasus and Hydra, a third has been discovered at the observatory of Königsberg. This last is in the constellation of the Swan; it is not visible to the naked eye.

Italian Paste.—The article sold under this name, is thus made. Take of ivory black, four ounces, treacle, three ounces, sulphuric acid, half an ounce, water, four ounces, sperm oil, a quarter of an ounce, calamine stone prepared, eight grains, indigo, eight grains, sal ammoniac, eight grains, yellow rosin, a drachm and a half, wax, half a drachm. Melt the wax, rosin, and oil together, and mix them with the treacle, ivory black, and calamine stone; then add the sal ammoniac dissolved in the water, and the indigo with the sulphuric acid.

Original Poetry.

THE OATH OF MYSTERY.

BY WILLIAM CAREY.

OCEAN, through her caverns deep,
Felt the angry whirlwind sweep;
Foaming billows, hurld on high,
Seem'd to lash the frowning sky;
Loud and fierce, the raging tide
Thunder'd on the war-ship's side;
On the mountain surge ascending,
O'er the black abyss impending,
Roll'd her huge bulk to and fro;
Or, with headlong plunge descending,
Sought the briny gulfs below:
And up the steep, again, forlorn,
With shatter'd masts and canvas torn,
The warring winds and waves before,
Refusing helm, at random, bore.

Lash'd to the ship, with all her crew,
The CHIEF, in that disastrous hour,
Who lately brav'd his Sovereign's power,
And from avenging justice flew;
The tossing deck, the whelming flood,
The hideous form of death withstood;
Though roaring seas broke o'er his head,
And threat'ning horrors round him spread.
His jewell'd cap and sable plume,
That wrapt his swarthy brow in gloom,
Snatch'd by a furious gust away,
Vanish'd amid the cloudy spray;
And, blown abroad, by ocean wet,
Appear'd his locks of raven jet;
Though scarr'd by fight, and mark'd by time,
His forehead show'd the Warrior's prime.
His mantle streaming in the storm,
Reveal'd his bold and towering form,
The sword-hilt glittering at his side,
And belt with deadly arms supplied.
It was not love; it was not care;
It was not hatred, nor des pair;
No guilt, no pang, no grief, alone,
Had shaken reason on her throne;
Love, grief, revenge, despair, combin'd,
To desolate his manly mind.
The war without, the stormy din,
Were tranquil to the storm within.
Yet drove the ship, and rag'd the main;
And threaten'd instant fate in vain:
He felt not; saw not; lent no ear;
No danger shunn'd, and own'd no fear:
Like one, who would the seas command,
To Heav'n he rais'd his desperate hand;
And darkly flash'd his lurid eye,
Athwart the lightnings on the sky:
The blood, awhile, his cheeks forsook,
And strange and fearful was his look.
It was, as if the dreary tomb
Had burst, at once, her marble womb;
As if, by all, but him, unseen,
The sea had op'd her bosom green;
And cold and wan, in carments dread,
Had yielded up the shadowy dead,
To tell the fiery Chief, alone,
The secrets of the world unknown.
His pale lips mov'd, with gestures wild,
And, as in maniac fury smil'd;
To some fell deed, himself, he bound,
Attesting all the powers of hell;
But what his words no tongue can tell,
No mortal ear receiv'd the sound:
The fell intent, the oath he swore,
Were lost amid' the tempest's roar.

The chief, his country, and his name;
His love, his triumphs, and his fame;
His treason foul, the Royal Maid,
By fraud surpris'd, by force convey'd
On board, by night; a story strange
Of many a woeful chance and change;

May hope for bright-ey'd beauty's tear,
And, haply, soothe a warrior's ear,
Though rough the verse and all unmeet,
To trance the soul with magic sweet;
For now, to me, three years denied,
By savage guile and force unstrung,
The muse's gift, the minstrel's pride,
This harp—that, once, melodious rung,
When on the wild-wood hills I sung,
Lay buried deep, in shades unknown;
It's spell forgot;—and heard no more,
It's madd'ning strain, or soft complaining tone,
By blue ey'd maids, on green Isolda's shore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. in reply to T. R. in our next.
W. C. on the pictures in the British Gallery,
in our next.
None of our Correspondents gratify us more,
than those by whom we are addressed,
on subjects connected with the state and
progress of the Fine Arts in England.
Esteeming, as we do, the Fine Arts, not
only as embellishing and ennobling human
life, nor only as raising the splendour of
country, but also ministering in an infinity
of ways, to the maintenance of a popula-
tion, and consequently to the strength of
an empire—as forming, in short, an im-
portant object of political economy, we
turn with ardour to whatever can promote
their growth among us.—As connected
with these views, we hear much of the ex-
istence of "a cabal," which has for its aim,
the injury of the great body of British
artists, for the selfish and base purposes of
serving a solitary individual; and if our
columns can avail any thing, toward the
defeat of so unworthy a proceeding, they
will always be open for that purpose. A
letter, inserted in our preceding Number,
under the head of "A QUACK ARTIST,"
has excited, we understand, a considerable
share of attention; and this feeling will
not be diminished by a second Letter, in
our present number, under the head of
"THE QUACK ARTIST," and bearing the
signature of a distinguished lover and
advocate of British Art. For ourselves, we
know little of the merits of the question,
and have no wish but to forward the ends
of justice.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE PAMPHLETEER, No. XXVI. is
this day published, and may be had of all Booksellers,
price 6s. 6d.

The early Numbers having been re-printed, com-
plete sets may be procured from the commencement.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.

A REFUTATION of the Fallacies and Misrepre-
sentations contained in a Pamphlet, entitled, "AN
EXPOSITION OF THE NEW SYSTEM OF MU-
SICAL EDUCATION," published by a Committee
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By J. B. LOGIER, Inventor of the System.

"It has too often happened that the most important
discoveries in Science, and the happiest inventions of
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and interests of mankind."—*Vide Introduction to the
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This Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open every Day, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in the Afternoon.

By Order,

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LATIN CLASSICS.

This Day was published,

No. I, of **THE DELPHIN AND VARIORUM CLASSICS**, with the Variorum Notes; price 19s. small, and 11. 18s. large paper, till the 1st of April, when the price will be raised to 20s. and on the 1st of June to 21s.; large paper double.

The whole will, as it were, incorporate the Delphin, Variorum, and Bipont Editions.

The whole will make one hundred and twenty, or not exceeding one hundred and thirty parts, twelve to be published every year, and to be paid for on delivery.

Eight months are allowed for gentlemen abroad, and fifteen for India.

The Work may be seen at the principal Booksellers in London, through whom names may be sent, or to Mr. Valpy, by whom the Work is to be edited and printed.

Total present Subscription, seven hundred and fifty-two.

Prospectuses may be had at 21, Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London.

24th Feb. 1819.

APPEAL OF MURDER.

Published this day, by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row, and Clarke and Sons, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields,

I.

ANTI DUELLO;

OR,

THE DUEL'S ANATOMIE:

A Treatise, in which is discussed the Lawfulness and Unlawfulness of

SINGLE COMBATS:

A Discourse wherein is discussed this Question, viz. Whether a Christian Magistrate may lawfully grant a Duell, for deciding of the matter, when the true author of some fact committed cannot evidently be discovered?

First printed in the Year 1632. With a Preface by the Editor; and an Appendix.

II.

Third Edition, enlarged, 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

An ARGUMENT for constraining largely the Right of an Appellee of Murder to insist on TRIAL BY BATTLE; and also for ABOLISHING APPEALS: with Notes, and an Appendix, containing a Report of a Debate in the House of Commons, on a Clause for Abolishing the Appeal for Murder in the British North American Colonies, &c. &c.

By E. A. KENDALL, Esq. F. A. S.

Illustrated by a Drawing of the time of Henry III. still preserved in the Record Office, in the Tower of London, representing a Judicial Combat fought on an Appeal.

"I am for taking away the Appeal for Murder entirely; but I am not for taking it away in part."—*Mr. Fox.*

"We are got now on the most important question that can come on."—*Mr. Skynner.*

"It seems an acute, vigorous, and spirited production; replete with matter of curious research; and every where bespeaking a fearless independence of mind."

"That some change or other ought to be made in the Law of Appeal, his Argument cannot fail to enforce on the mind of every unprejudiced reader; and in this view, his Work seems to us very valuable."

Quarterly Review, February, 1818.

"His disquisition is written with much vigour, and evinces great research. Nothing that can illustrate this

obscure subject seems to have escaped his notice; and the historian and legal antiquary may derive no small information from his labours."

Literary Panorama, April, 1818.

III.

Preparing for Publication, (by the same Author).

THE HISTORY, REASON, and LAW of TRIAL by BATTLE; including an Exposition of the Nature of APPEALS OF FELONY and of WRITS OF RIGHT; as also some inquiry into the Administration of Civil and Criminal Justice in Europe, during the Middle Ages, and into the Ancient and Modern Notions of Trial by Jury, and of the Theory of Evidence.

"A message from the Lords, by Attorney and Mr. Serjeant Crook:—An Act to Abolish all Trials by Battle in Writs of Right:—committed to Sir Edward Coke, Mr. Noy, Sir William Fleetwood, all the lawyers of the House, and soldiers."—*Journals of the House of Commons, March, 22, 1623.*

"Mr. Solicitor reporteth the Bill of Battle,—That the Committee thinketh it not fit it should proceed; but rest to be advised of."—*Ibid. May 29.*

IV.

COUNSEL FOR PRISONERS.

In a few days will be published, (By the same Author.)

A LETTER to SIR SAMUEL SHEPHERD, Knt. M. P. His Majesty's Attorney-General, on the Administration of Criminal Justice in the English Courts, and particularly on the NON ALLOWANCE OF PLEADINGS OF COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANTS, in Prosecutions for Felony by Indictment.

Audi alteram partem.—Hear both sides.

"I apprehend that Criminal Laws were made to save the lives of persons, and not to destroy them."

Stanley.

COLONIAL JOURNAL.

On the 1st of February next, will be published, price Eight Shillings,

THE COLONIAL JOURNAL, No. IV, containing,

1. View and Description of the Town and Harbour of Port Royal, in the Island of Martinico.
2. Figure and Description of the Wild Sheep, as found in the Rocky Mountains, in North America, and anciently a Native of Great Britain.
3. Mr. Walton on the Coca, a Native Vegetable of Peru.
4. M. de Talleyrand on the Advantages to be derived from New Colonies in the present Circumstances: Translated from the French.
5. A View of the Civil Government and Administration of Justice in Canada, while it was subject to the Crown of France. By Francis Maseres, Esq. F. R. S. a Councillor Baron of the Exchequer, and formerly His Majesty's Attorney-General for the Province of Quebec.
6. An authentic Account of the Poison Tree of Java.
7. An Account of the Discovery of Cochrane's Anchorage, New Providence.
8. Colonial Collections,—Graves's Short Account of the Bahama Islands, &c. &c.
9. Colonial Bibliography; being Titles and Brief Descriptions of Printed and Manuscript Works on the European Colonies, &c.
10. Hon. and Rev. Dr. Strachan's Report of the Proceedings of the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada.
11. On Mangel Wurtzel, as a West India Provision Crop.
12. Mr. Sells on the Management of Negro Breeding Women.
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15. Summary of Colonial Affairs:—Slave Registry at the Cape of Good Hope, &c.

16. State and Official Papers:—French, Danish, and Dutch Colonies.—East Indies.—Ionian Islands.—British North America Exports to the West Indies, 1706 to 1814, inclusive.—Papers relating to the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

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18. Parliamentary Proceedings—Barbadoes Assembly—House of Lords—Colonial Military Establishments

19. Titles and Abstracts of all Acts of Parliament relating to the Colonies, passed Anno 1816.

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23. Indexes to the First and Second Volumes.

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1. A Coloured View, with a Description, of the City of Buenos Ayres, in South America.
 2. The Natural History of Water Serpents.
 3. An Account of the New York Grand Western Canal; with a Quarto Map of the Route.
 4. West India, or West Indian.
 5. Growth of Indigo in the West Indies.
 6. Half-Casts of India.
 7. On the signification of the term Creole.
 8. Poetry—Epigram of the Emperor Julian on Barley Wine, imitated on Rum and Brandy.
 9. Sketch of a Journey across the Continent of South America, from Buenos Ayres to Santiago de Chili. By Judge Provost, one of the Commissioners of the United States of America.
 10. Sir John Sinclair on the Agricultural Advantages to be derived from our East Indian Possessions.
 11. Sir John Sinclair on the Agriculture of the West Indies.
 12. Antidotes to West India Sketches: drawn from Authentic Sources.
 13. Ceylon.—Wohlfort's Memoir on the War with the Chingalees. Translated from the Dutch Original.
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 16. Mr. Dickinson on Iron Tanks, Casks, Buoys, &c.
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 18. Colonial Collections—Papers by Lord Sheffield and others on the Commercial Interchange of the United States of America with the West Indies.
 19. Colonial Bibliography, &c.
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 21. Parliamentary Proceedings—Spanish Slave Trade—Parliament of Lower Canada—Mr. Davidson's Speech on the Canada Timber Trade, &c. &c.
 22. Parliamentary Papers—Barbadoes Report on the Insurrection, and reply to the African Institution.
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